

incorporating *Arts Digest* / FEBRUARY 1957 / 75 cents

BRAQUE AT THE ZENITH
By Patrick Heron

COLOR FEATURES:
Leonardo Cremonini
The Wadsworth Atheneum

ARTS

ANTOINE PEVSNER
By Barbara Butler

SEUPHOR'S "MONDRIAN":
UNIVERSITY
CLEMENT MICHIGAN

FEB 11 1957

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Vol. 31, No. 5 /75 cents

FEBRUARY 1957

CONTRIBUTORS



William Rubin, who writes about the Italian painter Cremonini in this issue, is a frequent visitor to the European art scene. He is now completing a book on the Church of Assisi and preparing a monograph on the surrealist

painter Matta for a forthcoming exhibition of the artist at the Museum of Modern Art. Mr. Rubin teaches art history at Sarah Lawrence and Hunter Colleges, and is a former contributor to *Art Digest*.

Edouard Roditi reports in this number on a little-known painter in Berlin. A regular contributor to ARTS, he was represented in our pages last month with a definitive essay on Alexej von Jawlensky.

Vernon Young, who covers the Pennsylvania Academy show for ARTS this month, has lived in the Philadelphia area for several years. He has recently joined ARTS as a regular reviewer of New York exhibitions.

Barbara Butler's next article from Paris will be a roundup of midwinter exhibitions of interest.

Patrick Heron, ARTS's regular London correspondent, is spending the winter months at his home in St. Ives, Cornwall. In his absence from the London scene, the winter exhibitions will be reviewed for ARTS by David Sylvester. The first of his reports will appear next month. Mr. Heron will return to our pages in May.

Clement Greenberg reviews Michel Seuphor's new study of Mondrian in ARTS's book section this month. Mr. Greenberg is the author of books on Miró and Matisse, and a contributor to *Commentary*, *Partisan Review*, *The New Leader* and many other periodicals.

Robert Rosenblum, whose reviews of books and exhibitions have appeared frequently in ARTS, is a member of the Princeton University faculty.

FORTHCOMING: Suzanne Burrey writes on the paintings and prints of Louis Schanker . . . Martica Sawin contributes a profile of Earl Kerkam . . . Hilton Kramer reports on the Illinois Biennial, Anita Ventura on the Corcoran and Tomlin-Rothko-Okada shows in Washington, D. C. . . . color feature on an old-master exhibition in Havana, Cuba.



ON THE COVER

Degas, *BEFORE THE RACE* (1893); collection Mr. and Mrs. Sidney F. Brody. This pastel is included among the fifty-odd French works making up "Masterpieces Recalled," a commemorative benefit exhibition which will shortly be presented at the Rosenberg galleries (see page 17).

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LETTERS

INQUIRY

To the Editor:

For the purpose of making a complete catalogue of the works of Yves Tanguy, I am trying to collect all possible information about his oil paintings, gouaches and drawings in this country. If any of your readers have such works in their collections, I would appreciate their communicating with me. I am especially anxious to locate two early paintings (1927) [below], having been informed that these had been sold to "Americans" five to seven years ago.

Kay Sage Tanguy
Woodbury, Connecticut



ART IN TEXAS

To the Editor:

Many, many thanks for the fine review of Texas art and Texas museums in January's "Spectrum."

We in Texas are indeed grateful for a true picture—at last. Grateful, too, for your taking Francis Henry Taylor to task.

But didn't you mean to mention Charles Umlauf (University of Texas faculty, Guggenheim)? Surely he is one of the finest sculptors working in the United States today.

Kela Bourdon
Longview, Texas

LUST FOR LIFE

To the Editor:

Unfortunately Vernon Young's "In Search of Vincent van Gogh" is just another example of the treatment that artist usually gets from writers. They use any pretext to present their own theories and interpretations of Van Gogh and his art. Mr. Young had a quite legitimate reason for his paragraphs. M.G.M.'s screen adaptation of Irving Stone's novel about Van Gogh, *Lust for Life*, warranted condemnation and censure, but not in the vituperative vein used by Mr. Young, whose apparent ignorance of the facts makes his criticism almost worthless. . . .

continued on page 7



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LETTERS

Mr. Young blandly tells us that the film is not worth seeing, even though he earlier says it is "not so much wrong as wrong-headed." If Mr. Young had known the facts about Van Gogh's life, he would have said the film was *more often than not entirely wrong*. On the screen we have Van Gogh in places he never was at critical moments in his life (at the Hague when word came of his father's stroke); we watch him doing and seeing things he never did . . .

We happen to have criteria for the truth about Van Gogh in the letters he wrote, and as such these are accepted by Van Gogh experts the world over. The letters to his brother have been in print since 1914 (English translation 1927-1929); and now these letters are available in a new Dutch edition, this time supplemented by all other known letters together with much other reliable material relative to the artist. A complete English translation is promised in a year or two. Mr. Young creates the impression he is quite familiar with the letters, even quoting from them. Yet when he states that two of his quotations are from the same letter and a careful search of the original French and its 1929 English translation fails to bear out his statement, we can only conclude Mr. Young's familiarity with the letters is limited. This conclusion is strengthened by his remark that the letters "could not be improved upon . . . as the basis of a preparatory 'shooting script.'" Actually, the Hollywood film uses the words of the letters (or a reasonable, if stereotyped facsimile thereof) extensively in the narration, including those describing *Night Café* which Mr. Young says are so often quoted.

Opinions on how a film might be made on Van Gogh are Mr. Young's prerogative; and if he had confined himself to them, no exception could be taken to his article. However, as he has misstated facts and virtually dismissed Van Gogh's letters as relatively unimportant, correction and dissent seem definitely in order. Mr. Young's article is just another example of the old Van Gogh paradox. The artist himself has plainly told us what he did and why he did it. Yet Mr. Young prefers (as have scores of writers before him) to ignore Van Gogh's own words and substitute his own theoretical interpretations. Surely the time must come when writers will either let Van Gogh speak for himself or else report him correctly. His writing is as unique and vital in its own right as are his drawings and paintings in theirs. May the day come speedily when this will be realized. Then there will be even less need than there is now (and there actually is none now) for such inept theorizing as Mr. Young and his ilk delight to perpetrate in the name of Vincent van Gogh.

Edward Buckman
Richmond, Virginia

EDITOR'S NOTE: Readers will recall Vernon Young's assertion that "Van Gogh himself was a supreme articulator of his own intentions" and, again, "As a basis for a preparatory 'shooting script' they [the letters] could not be improved upon" (which even Mr. Buckman acknowledges). Mr. Buckman does not seem to realize that this was a central point in Mr. Young's article. One agrees with him that the time must come "when writers will either let Van Gogh speak for himself or else report him correctly," but doesn't the same hopeful principle apply to writers reporting on articles about Van Gogh?

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AUCTIONS

MASTERPIECES OF LAST HUNDRED YEARS
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An impressive assemblage of nineteenth- and twentieth-century paintings, drawings and sculptures will be dispersed on the evening of February 6, when the collection of Mr. and Mrs. M. F. Potamkin, together with the art property of other owners, is scheduled to be sold at auction at the Parke-Bernet Galleries.

Leading the list of paintings are three Corots—*Batelier sur l'Etang de Ville d'Avray*, *Pêcheur à la ligne* and *Le Rencontre dans la vallée*. Toulouse-Lautrec is represented by a *Tête de femme*, and Signac by one of his seascapes. Also included are paintings by Vuillard, Utrillo, Vlaminck, Modigliani and Chagall. Among the drawings are examples by Ingres, Delacroix, Derain, Vlaminck and Picasso, while the sculptures include Daumier's *Le Niais*, Lehmbrock's *Geneigter Frauendorso*, Archipenko's *Weinlese* and Henrico Glicenstein's *Mother and Child*, one of three extant bronze casts.



Amedeo Modigliani, CARYATID; included in the coming sale of modern paintings to be held at Parke-Bernet Galleries on February 6.

AUCTION CALENDAR

February 1 & 2, at 1:45 p.m. Parke-Bernet Galleries. French period and decorative furniture. Included are cut-glass, *bronze doré* and rock-crystal lighting fixtures, clocks, barometers, statuettes and French decorative paintings. From various collections and private residences in France, assembled and sold by order of A. Taillandier of Paris. Exhibition now.

February 6, at 8:00 p.m. Parke-Bernet Galleries. Important sale of modern paintings, drawings and sculptures, the property of Mr. and Mrs. M. F. Potamkin, Elkins Park, Pa., and other owners. (For details see story above.) Exhibition from February 2.

February 8 & 9, at 1:45 p.m. Parke-Bernet Galleries. Georgian and other eighteenth-century furniture, Georgian silver, paintings and decorations, porcelains and Oriental rugs; from various sources including property of M. Kalman, Toronto, Canada. Exhibition from February 2.

February 13, at 8:00 p.m. Parke-Bernet Galleries. Important sale of etchings and engravings by old and modern masters, from the estate of the late Dr. Malcolm Goodridge and of the late Auguste Kuhn. Included are works by Rembrandt, Dürer, Seymour Haden, Whistler and Charles Méryon. Exhibition from February 2.

February 14, at 1:45 p.m. Parke-Bernet Galleries. Judaica, from the collection of Mr. Tullio Castelbolognesi, Rome, Italy, sold by his order, with property from other sources. Ritual objects, amulets, ancient prayer books. Exhibition from February 9.

February 15 & 16, at 1:45 p.m. Parke-Bernet Galleries. French furniture and decorations from various owners. Exhibition from February 9.

February 19 & 20, at 1:45 p.m. Parke-Bernet Galleries. Reference books, bibliographies and books about books, collected by William B. Liebman; also first editions of American and English authors, Americana, sporting books and standard sets, from various owners and estates. Exhibition from February 9.

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PEOPLE IN THE ARTS



Stuart Davis



Jimmy Ernst

Stuart Davis (above) has been awarded a gold medal and Jimmy Ernst (above) a grant-in-aid of \$1,500 from Brandeis University, Waltham, Mass. The medals are given for outstanding creative achievement and the cash awards to encourage younger artists of promise.

Andrew Carnduff Ritchie (above), director of the Department of Painting and Sculpture of the Museum of Modern Art in New York City, has been appointed director of the University Art Gallery at Yale University. He will assume his duties at Yale with the start of the 1957-58 academic year next July. Meanwhile Mr. Ritchie is completing arrangements for another major show, "Masters of Twentieth-Century German Art," for the Museum of Modern Art. The exhibition is scheduled for next October.

Anthony Toney has been awarded a purchase prize of \$1,000 by the Staten Island Museum for his painting *Afternoon on a Hill* (Staten Island, 1956). A competition, consisting of twenty-six works painted in various Staten Island locations, was sponsored by the museum as a special feature of its seventy-fifth-anniversary celebration, and in connection with an exhibition, "The Island and the Bay," which will remain on view through March 12.

The William and Noma Copley Foundation, a non-profit organization for the encouragement of the arts and sciences, has announced its awards for 1956. In the field of art criticism, \$1,000 went to Patrick Connolly Walberg, an American now living in Paris. In the plastic arts, awards of \$1,000 each went to Serge Charchoune

of Paris and to George Cohen (above) of Evanston, Illinois. Mr. Cohen, who had a one-man show at the Zabriskie Gallery in New York in 1955, is presently serving as an assistant professor in the art department of Northwestern University.

Prizewinners in the Corcoran Gallery's Twenty-fifth Biennial Exhibition, which opened in Washington, D. C., on January 13, are as follows: Loren MacIver, \$2,000; Fritz Glarner, \$1,500; Josef Albers, \$1,000; and Robert Gwathmey, \$500. This year's Biennial was juried by Henry Clifford, curator of paintings at the Philadelphia Museum of Art; Theodore Rousseau, Jr., curator of paintings at the Metropolitan Museum in New York; and Hermann Warner Williams, Jr., director of the Corcoran Gallery. This being the twenty-fifth exhibition in the series, the Gallery has organized a historical section which includes all the former top prizewinners and offers a condensed survey of important trends in recent American art.

David P. Skeggs has resigned the directorship of the Sioux City Art Center in Iowa to assume a position with the Garth Andrew Company, Bath (Akron), Ohio. Mr. Skeggs assumed his new position in January.

M. Knoedler and Company, Inc., has announced the following changes in organization: Carman H. Messmore, honorary chairman of the board; Roland Balay, chairman of the board; E. Coe Kerr, Jr., president; William F. Davidson, vice-president; Harry A. Brooks, secretary; Harry L. Hoert, treasurer. The galleries are located at 14 East 57th Street in New York.



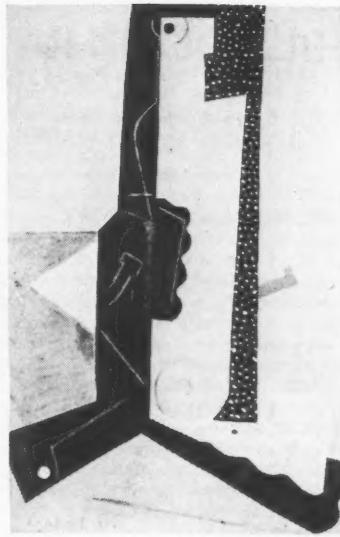
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EXHIBITIONS AND ANNOUNCEMENTS

As a first result of recent international efforts to create a center for the study of Romanesque art and culture at Tournus, France, an American organization has been formed and incorporated by a group of businessmen, scholars and art directors. The organization, named the **International Center of Romanesque Art, U. S. Committee**, will be located at the Institute of Fine Arts of New York University, New York City. Its purpose is to raise funds from members in the United States to finance research and study abroad for American students and professors of Romanesque art, letters and culture, and to make significant contributions to the facilities being established at Tournus. Other affiliates of the center are being organized in Switzerland, Germany, Italy and Belgium.

An exhibition of paintings and drawings from the fifteenth to nineteenth centuries will be on view at the **Museo Nacional, Havana, Cuba**, from February 18 to March 16. All works are drawn from the collections of Wildenstein and Company in New York, and among the many artists represented are Cranach, Tintoretto, Hals, Boucher, Fragonard, Goya and Ingres.

The formation of a graphic arts center under the joint supervision of Pratt Institute and The Contemporaries Graphic Art Center has been announced. The non-profit venture was made possible by a \$50,000 grant from the Rockefeller Foundation. The new **Pratt-Contemporaries Graphic Art Center** will be located at 1343 Third Avenue in New York.

PHILADELPHIA

Prizes, good taste and/or artistic achievements mark the Pennsylvania Academy's current exhibition of watercolors, prints and drawings.

BY VERNON YOUNG

THE 152nd Annual Exhibition of the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts is in session, the awards have been made,* post-mortems exchanged and The Pity of It All descended on. That sound of thunder on the left is the crated exodus of the rejected across the battlefield of Philadelphia's rebuilding plan; everyone who wasn't required to sift 2,093 items is playing If I Were King, and the esthetic puritanism of the American Way (evinced just as pointedly by the hushed invitation to Ben Shahn as by any palliation of the region's country-life illustrators) is, as ever, being confused with the Philadelphia Story. The visiting critic, with no blood on his hands (from ground axes) is free to indulge his *obiter dicta* and to frustrate almost everyone who wants his nose restored to joint.

I doubt that the Institutional Occasion, structurally, on the Pennsylvania scene, is very far different from its like in any city of the land. I'll venture only to concede that the manners of its hosts and hostesses are exemplary. Proceeding from the more resounding echoes heard at Broad and Cherry—if the total submissions elicited so scanty a proportion of merit, this cannot fairly be made to reflect on the Philadelphia syndrome (and did you see the Whitney Annual?). If the invited artists represented in this exhibition testify either to Home-Guardism or to Safe Progressive Bets (and they do), this is a pandemic strategy of the times. If, in an annual national

exhibition it seems quaint (and it is) to award a Memorial medal "for distinction in painting or drawing of flowers or of gardens"—well, an almost identical award is made at the Carnegie International! (And really, after you've smiled, you'll not be thinking it harmful, surely?) If the specifications of the Philadelphia Water Color Club "for strongest water color" and of the Dana Water Color Medal "for boldness, simplicity and frankness of work" are singularly forthright, even antisepic, imperatives by which to judge art, one has to grant that the wording permits ingenious leeways of interpretation. If three members of this year's jury of selection imply gradations of that generic frame of reference known as The Academy (and they do)—Henry Pitz (substituting for Charles Burchfield), Edward J. Stevens, Jr., and Xavier Gonzales—the fourth member, Adja Yunkers, cannot be so described. In his field he has indisputable authority, and his astringency of judgment can be depended upon; one recognizes the pressure of his fine Latvian hand, not alone in the general selection of the graphic entries, but as surely in the high quality exemplified by the winner of the Eyre Medal and by the honorable mentions in this division.

Mauricio Lasansky's intaglio, *Espana*, is a fierce conception, executed to sensuously stark effect, heightened as much by the forcible compression on the figures within the frame, laterally and vertically, as by the dominating luminosity of the pale antagonist. My only quibble would be directed against the possibility of the selection being agreed upon for its patently anecdotal aura; whereupon I should be expected to advance another claim. I might well have nominated Gabor Peterdi, whose *Dark Horizon*—phosphorescent rectangles in relief, back-lighting and Ufa cubes of chiaroscuro, seductively achieved—received an honorable mention. My personal preference is for *The Big Web* (etching, sur-

color), a more clear-cut specimen of Peterdi's skill, but I'm willing to admit that I might eventually hedge at its markedly cerebral organization. Beside Yunkers, Peterdi is far and away the most prodigious technician on view, yet his painstaking dazzle is a deterrent of one's complete sympathy; you begin to ask if his fantastic intricacies are not also evasions of a more telling serenity of means. The other honorable mention, Rudy Pozzati's woodcut, *Grasshopper* (invited, as was the color etching of Peterdi's), is also in the realm of tour de force, the gigantic insect smothering the landscape and in itself a landscape—of levers, piston movements, angular branchings. (I feel that overmuch of him was cut away; his manifold segments baffle the eye.) My strongest plea for honors in this division of the show would be raised on behalf of Joseph Hirsch's lithograph, *Sleeping Head*; evolved entirely from a yarnlike texture, its frontal massiveness is annihilating, and the eliminated forehead and the "stitched" eyes enforce one's sense of it as a mask of brooding internal endurance.

My double-underlined notes remind me to praise, in this sector, which is a world superior to the watercolor group, the acknowledged brilliance of Frasconi's color woodcuts and Morris Graves' sumi-ink animals (close to archness, in both cases); John Paul Jones' terrifying columnar torso of light in the intaglio, *Bride*; Christ-Janer's impressionist Chinese-ink rhythms, *Greenport Bay*; the satiny decorative charm of Sato's woodblock prints; Robert Schuler's multi-textured intaglio, *Inscape*; and the shrewdly characterized *Lis*, a modest sanguine by Jack Henderson. Which leads me to fuss quietly at the snubbing unintentionally delivered to that noble, direct attack with pen, pencil, crayon or whatever—the art of drawing. Since the Eyre award stipulates prints, and the Pennell broadly comprises watercolor and graphics, it will be inevitable for drawing to be shelved under the heading of Lesser Involvement. Perhaps yet another medal is called for to focus attention on the step-child medium, and on such drawings here as the pen-and-inks of Leonid—*Mussel Gatherers* especially, a masterful triangulation of space and an extraordinary genre illustration.

Good taste and a degree of meritorious technique distinguish the best watercolorists, but stilted conceptions and patient recapitulation

continued on page 14

*The figures: 41 invited artists in the exhibition; 215 juried artists; 238 invited works; 255 juried works; 2,093 works passed before the Jury. The Philadelphia Water Color Club Medal of Award "for the advancement of water color art to be conferred annually . . . upon that individual, or group of individuals, or Museum, Publisher, Dealer or Corporation, or any other agency whose sincerity of purpose is recognized," was presented to Henry C. Pitz.

Mauricio Lasansky, *Espana*.



Andrew Wyeth, *Broad Cove Ferns*.



CHICAGO

The American show at the Art Institute combined with "The City" exhibition from the Venice Biennale; Lipton wins major prize.

BY ALLEN S. WELLER

THE American shows at the Art Institute of Chicago are among the great continuing expositions of a major part of our artistic production. The first of this important series was held in 1888; for many years the show was an annual event, but more recently has turned into a biennial. The sixty-second exhibition, which opened on January 17, has, as usual, attracted much local attention, partly because of the substantial prizes. A jury consisting of Dorothy C. Miller, Arthur Osser and Theodore Roszak had \$7,200 to distribute as awards.

The present show was formed in an interesting way. The forty-five paintings which Katherine Kuh selected for the Venice Biennale of last summer on the theme of the city have been kept together as a group. To this have been added 101 additional paintings and twenty-five pieces of sculpture selected by Frederick Sweet, who included no artists who were represented in the Biennale group, and who was not restricted as to theme. The result is an eclectic collection, not unified in any artificial way, but often of high quality and certainly remarkably typical of our interests and tastes at this moment.

As a result of preserving the Biennale show intact, the exhibition is given a certain unexpected historical perspective, as Mrs. Kuh included certain early key works. The earliest is a Marin watercolor of perhaps 1910; there are also a few paintings from the 1920's and 1930's, by O'Keeffe, Hopper (the famous *Sunday Morning*, so clean and empty), Reginald Marsh (*Holy Name Mission*), and Joseph Stella's durable *Brooklyn Bridge*. The Venice show has already been widely and critically reviewed; I think it is generally felt that the theme was interpreted so broadly as to defeat somewhat the purpose of providing a true basis of comparison. However, it undoubtedly contains a number of paintings of the first importance or of great interest, including two first-rate Feiningers, Jack Levine's

famous *Gangster Funeral*, one of the best paintings Jackson Pollock ever made, the excellent Bernard Perlin which belongs to the Tate Gallery in London, a good painting by Charles Oscar and two beautiful works by Lee Gatch. Two of the awards came from this group.

THOUGH the exhibition as a whole runs all the way from the non-objective to completely specific descriptive works, the jury leaned heavily towards the abstract. The first prize of \$2,000 was awarded to Seymour Lipton's *The Cloak*, a handsome growth of organic globular bronze shapes, with intricate interior organizations and relationships, which supports two shieldlike forms on either side by branches or arms protruding through slits. A mood of austere largeness of spirit informs this imposing work. It has something of the inherent importance of a cult image which, unexpectedly for our times, actually has meaning and substance to sustain it.

James Brooks' *R 1953* was awarded the second largest prize, of \$1,000. This is an ingratiating work, a wonderfully tasteful staining of a large surface with intermingling moving areas of black, several slightly varied reds, and green. There is a remarkable combination of substance, even weightiness, of form, with floating lightness of movement. No trace of imagery or association disturbs its purely decorative effect.

Hedda Sterne's *New York*, one of the paintings from the group shown in Venice, was given a \$750 prize. A black structural grill inscribes itself across luminous areas of characteristically urban colors, the edges blurred and misty, with smooth surfaces which curiously seem to conceal hidden textures. It builds up with strength and meaning, and evokes a rich feeling of man-made beauty, though at the same time it is strangely inhuman in actual execution.

Prizes of \$500 were awarded to Keith Finch's *Standing Figure* and Franz Kline's *New York*.

Finch is one of a number of artists in the show who attempt to reintroduce the image without abandoning any of the resources of abstract art. He evokes a kind of wind-swept headless figure, creating a sense of stance and gesture rather than of actual form. A color harmony in green and brown is handled with remarkable skill; area relationships have an interestingly ambiguous over-and-under quality; the shapes stay on the surface and are hollow-looking, but are definitely three-dimensional at the same time.

THE Kline is characteristic, and compositionally a fine example of the powerful thrust of aggressive black forms against (and beneath?) thick white areas full of activity. Kline has created and brought to stylistic maturity a powerful handwriting which has positive meaning for our times. Yet I am deeply disturbed by the actual fragility of his painting. It is indeed ironical that a style which places the ultimate emphasis on almost brute strength, on a real visual and mental smash, should be executed in a technique which gives every evidence of being completely fugitive. The surface of the present work presents paint areas which are deeply cracked in a number of ways, and in several places small portions of the surface have already chipped away. It seems to me it is sheer romanticism to embody significant and (in this case) powerful statements in material form which appears destined to self-destruction. I can understand giving an important prize to such a work, but if I were a museum director I would think a long time about purchasing a painting which has weathered its first three years of material existence so shakily. I wonder if juries should not pay attention to physical condition as well as to style and content.

Four smaller prizes called attention to as many interesting works. Okada's *Marsh* is made of beautiful thin films of gray and brown, with shapes which might be like rocks and stems floating in different planes. Its surface design becomes mysteriously spatial. Theodore F. Appleby's *Composition, Gray*, is a generously composed painting, with an energetic movement which seems like an image shattered and exploded, and pulling itself together again in mosaiclike patches. One of the completely satisfying works in the show is Marianna Pineda's *Visitation*, with its two beautiful figures solving the difficult prob-

continued on page 14

Seymour Lipton, THE CLOAK.



The new Art Institute Mr. and Mrs. Frank G. Logan Gold Medal, designed by the sculptor David Smith. The medal is awarded annually to the winner of the Mr. and Mrs. Frank G. Logan Prize.

James Brooks, R 1953.



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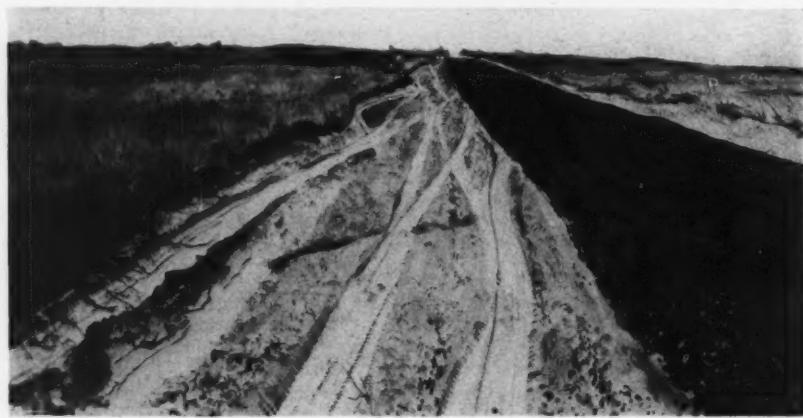
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PHILADELPHIA continued from page 12

tions are prominent. *Disaster at Dawn*, John Maxwell's Dana Medal picture, is an honorable choice. Its minatory subject, so appealing to the contemporary taste for doom, its defined groupings and mysterious prisms, its tender colors of burned-out fires, all nominate it for the second look. The Water Color Club Prize painting, John Chumley's *Country Road*, is a photographic wedge of color spaces converging at distant hills; the Kirschenbaum *Roofops* (honorable mention) is in the Sheeler mold; Homer Johnson's *Bathers* (second ditto) is sentimental and not even competently anatomized; Whitaker's Pennell-award *Old Town—Gerona*, on the other hand, is more drawing than watercolor. Andrew Wyeth's fern (Dawson Memorial—painting of flowers) has dramatically emphasized charm.

Against these, many alternatives could be urged, but none so overwhelmingly as to enflame one's preferences. But I'd like to pay the small courtesy of at least spotting a few that I lingered over with more than "official" interest: D. Rutka Kennon's *Autumn Landscape*, John Foster's formal abstraction, *Poseidon*, George Ball's *Tiburon* and two illusive landscapes in gouache by Helen Keen.

The disparity of interests and styles in these annuals, which always annoys someone, is an unavoidable consequence of that alienation of local from "advanced" standards and, in larger part, perhaps, of the perennial esthetic insecurity of the culture. It won't be any more secure next year, in Philadelphia or elsewhere. But it may feature more vivid exceptions.



John W. Chumley, COUNTRY ROAD; at the Pennsylvania Academy.

CHICAGO continued from page 13

lem of carrying compositional movement through the considerable space between them with entire success, and making one feel that everything about it, both in content and in execution, is carried to exactly the right degree of finish. One does not often see a work so complete, in every sense. One of Joseph Cornell's boxes, *Pavilion*, is an alluring construction made up of artfully broken mirrors, architectural supports and vistas of old astronomical charts. Part of the effect of these works lies in their sense of strange symbolism, of a forgotten mythology, which we are seeking to recapture. Finally, John F. Miller's *Domestic Monster* is an ingenious collage, made up of a large and fragmentary diagram of an enormously magnified human epidermis, seen upside down and partially concealed by bold movements of well-placed color and interrupted by mutilations. Even the battered black frame, complete with screw holes, contributes to the sense of an old training aid which has lost its specific function but in the process has acquired a new significance.

I HAVE mentioned the possible re-emergence of the image. It is interesting to see it working its way to the surface in the paintings of a number of artists like Brodie, Diebenkorn, Baum, Friedensohn and Carone, who at the same time obviously wish to preserve complete freedom of choice. What they are attempting may lead to important results, though their work is still in a formative stage. There are many works which are strong in humanistic representational content, like the delicate nude of Walter Stein and the huge *Studio* of Larry Rivers. The blank spaces in his paintings still strike me as a very artificial way of creating unity, though I am probably objecting to precisely the quality which the artist wants to obtain. Just to satisfy our

curiosity, I wish he would for once paint a very small picture, finished down to the last detail. The Aronson is very fine, and there are other interesting works with strong humanistic content by Joseph Ablow and Richard Wilt. One even gets into detailed realism with, to be sure, surrealistic overtones, in Tooker and Vickrey, and without them in Stuempfig (which, however, is just not quite good enough). A painting by Jules Kirschenbaum is a great curiosity, with its startling Italian Renaissance space—the genuine article, straight out of Uccello and Castagno. There are excellent still-life paintings by Edgar Ewing and Carlyle Brown, and a heart-warming little picture by Leon Hartl.

Another group of works might be built around the idea of carrying representation to a somewhat more abstract degree. Kenneth Evert, Sam Adler, Harry Engel and Walter Meigs have all developed architectural or landscape themes with sensitiveness and skill. Congdon's *Santorin* is truly volcanic and good for a long time to come. William Brice's *Ocean and Cliffs* is a satisfying success. There is less evidence of the machine as a stylistic influence than was the case a few years ago, and very little work of a geometric precisionistic nature. The machine considered imaginatively and organically is given monumental expression in Gerald McLaughlin's *The Second Ark*. Kurt Seligmann has not painted a finer picture than his imperious *Fallen Angels*. Among many good non-objective paintings, works by Ferren and Plate stand out as fine achievements, while Robert Eshoo's *Chasm* invites continued exploration into its delicate and intricate being.

Among the smaller number of works of sculpture are several of high quality. The youthful Richard Hunt shows an evoluted and flowing *Arachne*. And the plunging energy of Roszak's *Firebird* is one of the best things in the show.

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A benefit exhibition at the Rosenberg galleries reviews the career of a distinguished dealer-connoisseur.

"MASTERPIECES RECALLED"

Ingres, LA PETITE BAIGNEUSE;
collection Phillips Gallery.



Amedeo Modigliani, THE LITTLE MILKMAID (1918); collection Mr. and Mrs. George Friedland.



Pablo Picasso, TOMATO PLANT (1944);
collection Mr. and Mrs. John Hay Whitney.



Paul Cézanne, PORTRAIT OF VALLIER (1906);
collection Mr. and Mrs. Leigh B. Block.

CELEBRATING the seventy-fifth birthday of Paul Rosenberg, a loan exhibition of some fifty French masterpieces will be held at the Rosenberg galleries, from February 5 to March 2, for the benefit of the League for Emotionally Disturbed Children. A major event of the New York season, it is being presented with Mrs. Dwight D. Eisenhower as Honorary Chairman.

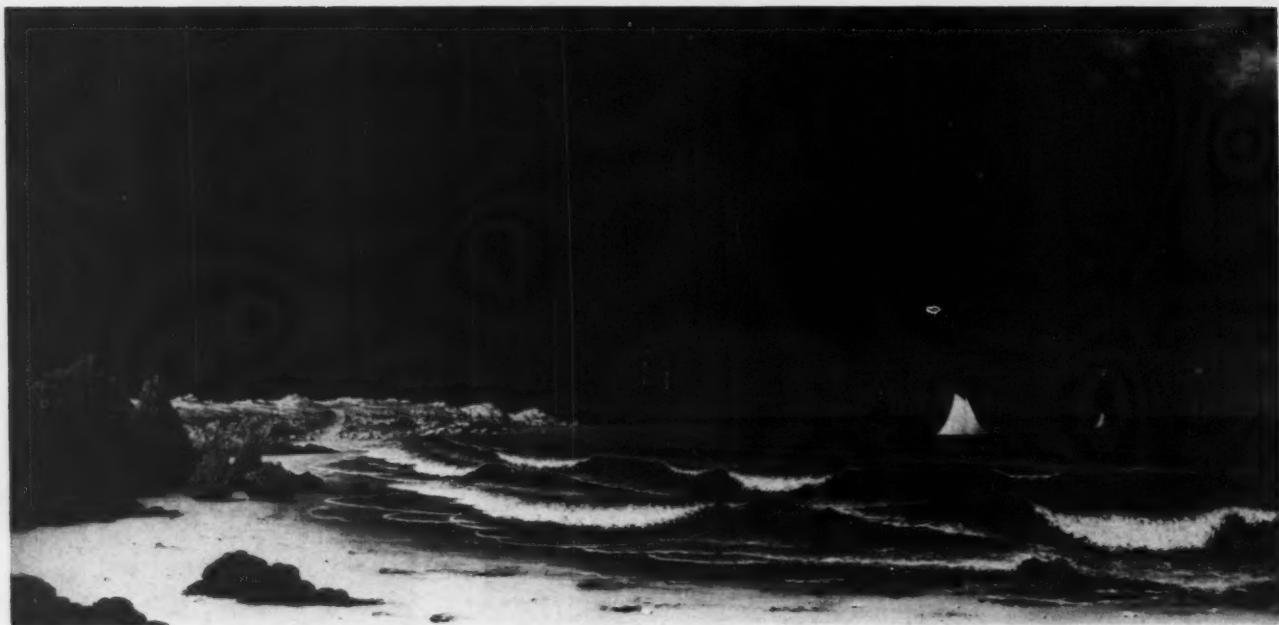
The exhibition has been assembled by "recalling" from private collections and museums in the United States a selection of the outstanding nineteenth- and twentieth-century French paintings which Mr. Rosenberg has made available to their present owners in the course of his long career. Extending from Ingres to Soutine, the showing includes no less than seven works by Degas, five by Renoir, four by Cézanne and three each by Matisse, Braque and Picasso. Courbet is represented by his *Forest Pond* and *M. de Choi-seul's Dogs*, Delacroix by *Horses at the Trough*, Manet by *Marguerite de Conflans*, Gauguin by the *Yellow Christ*, Van Gogh by a *Vase of Flowers* and Toulouse-Lautrec by his *M. Boileau*. Among the twentieth-century artists are Bonnard, Gris, Modigliani, Monticelli and Vuillard. And from this century but hardly of it is the Douanier Rousseau, with his fabulous *Liberty Inviting Artists to Participate in the Twenty-second Exhibition of Independent Artists*.

Impressive as the assemblage is, it does not indicate the full range of major artists whose fame has been extended through Mr. Rosenberg's efforts. Daumier, Sisley, Monet and Seurat are not included, although the Rosenberg firm has brought important works by these masters into permanent holdings in the United States. Such lacunae are due mainly to statutes which restrict loans in a number of art institutions.



Juan Gris, VIOLIN AND GLASS (1918); collection Mr. and Mrs. George Henry Warren.

A special problem was posed by Van Gogh, who is represented by a single canvas; more than twenty of his works might have been "recalled" were it not for their inherent fragility which makes travel hazardous. Despite the unavoidable gaps, the exhibition constitutes not only a review of a distinguished career, but a concentrated treasury of modern French art.



Martin Johnson Heade, APPROACHING STORM: BEACH NEAR NEWPORT.



Anonymous, MEDITATION BY THE SEA.



Charles Deas, THE DEATH STRUGGLE.

THE KAROLIK COLLECTION

*A virtually neglected period
is intriguingly brought to life
in the Whitney's current exhibition.*

ON DISPLAY at New York's Whitney Museum of American Art is an exhibition of 150 nineteenth-century American paintings from the Karolik Collection, the first showing of any large part of this collection outside Boston, where it has been on view since it was presented to the Museum of Fine Arts by Mr. and Mrs. Maxim Karolik in 1951. Comprising some two-thirds of the full anthology, the present selection was chosen by the Boston Museum's Curator of Paintings, W. G. Constable—who originally collaborated with the donors in forming the collection—and by Lloyd Goodrich and John I. H. Baur of the Whitney. After the conclusion of its New York showing on February 24, the exhibition will tour eleven other cities throughout the country.

A pioneering venture, the Karolik Collection has rescued from oblivion a host of painters who worked in that relatively neglected and unknown period between the eminence of Copley and Stuart at the end of the eighteenth century and the emergence of Homer, Eakins and Ryder at the end of the nineteenth. Among the most striking rediscoveries are the highly polished, realistic landscapes of Martin J. Heade and Fitz Hugh Lane, the romantic genre subjects of Charles Deas and J. G. Clonney. The leading figures of the Hudson River School are represented, as are the principal portrait and genre painters of the era. But it is perhaps the obscure, "minor" painters who give the collection its special stamp. Clearly filling a function since taken over by photography, these anonymous or little-known artist dwelt upon material detail with a zestful, innocent confidence that today seems particularly revealing in the development of the traditional American character.



George Bellows, NORTH RIVER (1908); lent by Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts.



Bellows, MRS. T. IN CREAM SILK (1920); lent by C. Ruxton Love, Jr.

BELLOWS' AMERICAN SCENE

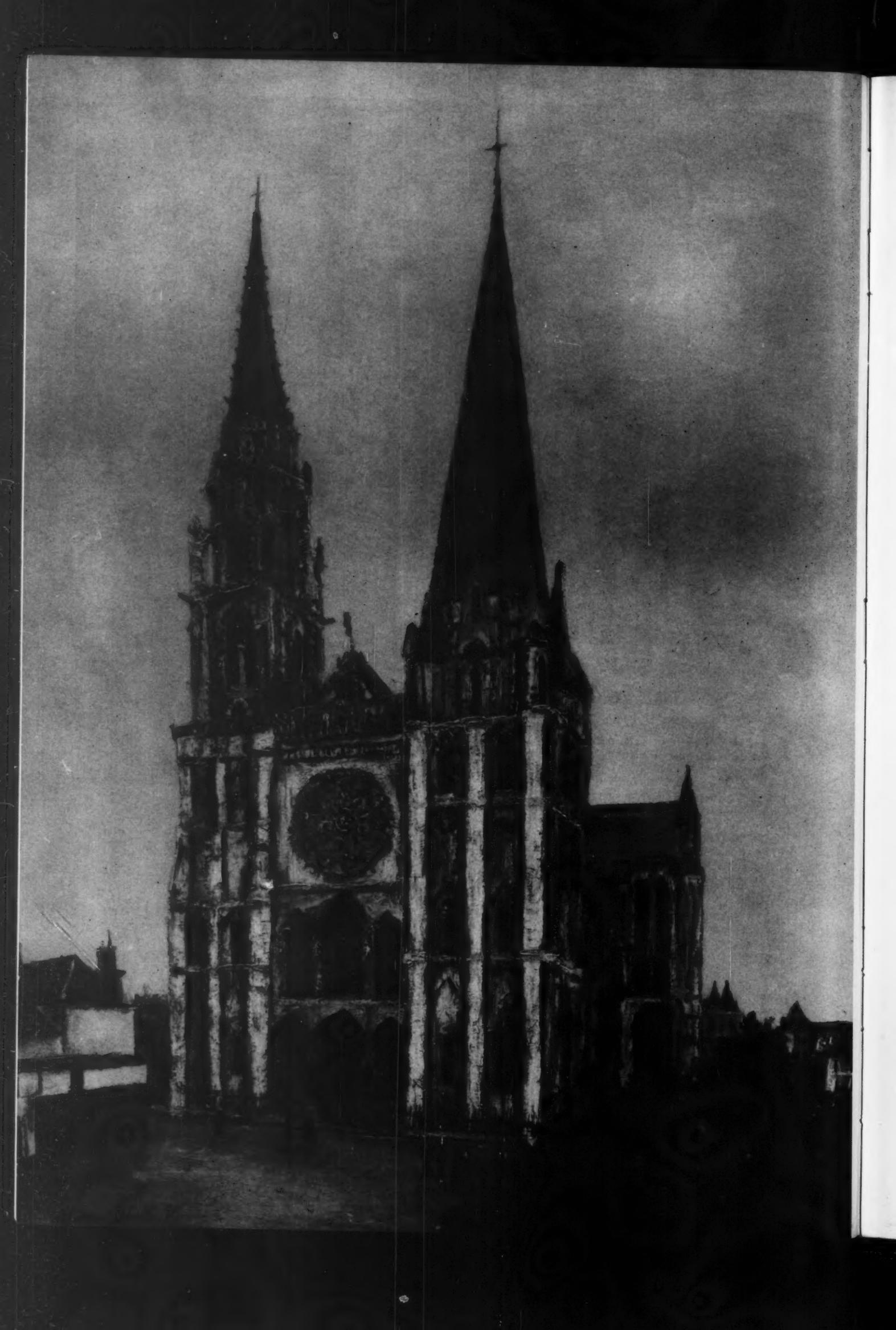
*His "cross sections of life"
highlight an unprecedented show
at the National Gallery of Art.*

IN WASHINGTON, the first one-man show ever presented by the National Gallery of Art has brought together a copious selection of works by the American artist who attained perhaps greater popularity than any other in our century, George W. Bellows. This retrospective showing inaugurates a new policy, a new emphasis upon the Gallery's American collection, and Director John Walker has announced that occasional exhibitions in the future will honor other American painters.

The Bellows exhibition, which continues through February 24, comprises sixty-three paintings and eighty-nine drawings and lithographs gathered from over forty museums and private sources—the broadest representation of the artist's work displayed to date. The introductory text to the catalogue is contributed by Henry McBride, who points out that the works on exhibition constitute not only a record of Bellows' productive span, cut short in 1925 when the artist was only forty-two, but also a portrait of the America he saw in his twenty years of painting. In his subject matter he ranged from the violence of prize-ring paintings like *Both Members of This Club* and *Dempsey and Firpo* to the lyricism of landscapes like *The Picnic* and *North River*. Yet it was with a special urgency that he turned to "slice-of-life" themes, to the harsh life about the tenements, the "lostness" of idle workers, the frenzy of religious revivals or the madhouse. His was a straightforward approach, a broad statement of facts—a "take-them-or-leave-them" statement, Mr. McBride observes. His works were the response to his personal impulsions, not to the expectations of an audience: "The picture had to be painted. The difficulties were as nothing. For sheer courage Bellows challenges any artist we have so far produced."



Bellows, LADY JEAN (1924); lent by Stephen C. Clarke.



UTRILLO'S CHARMED SIMPLICITY

*The work of his early years,
on display at the Wildenstein Galleries,
asserts his instinctive rightness of palette and design.*

THE critical period in an artistic reputation, it has often been pointed out, is the few years following the death of the artist. After the immediate stir of discussion occasioned by his death, his works enter an awkward limbo of neglect where they are no longer "contemporary" and not yet "historical." The *oeuvre* of Maurice Utrillo seems to have eluded this limbo—just as, and perhaps because, it eluded the classifications of its own period at the time of its creation.

Indicative of Utrillo's firm position today is a comprehensive loan exhibition which the Wildenstein Galleries are presenting, until March 2, for the benefit of the Hadassah Medical Relief Association. The showing includes more than sixty works from the first two decades of the artist's career. Some forty paintings derive from American collections, the remainder being lent by French owners; and a number of the works, from both French and American sources, have not been previously displayed.

In its selection the Wildenstein exhibition suggests, and justly, that the significant body of Utrillo's work was painted before 1924. It was in this year that the artist suffered the psychic collapse which brought him to attempt suicide, the collapse which also left him permanently diminished as an artist, a *pasticheur* of himself. His early "originals" preponderate in the current show, and they present an impressively solid achievement. Among the most striking works are the very early *Quai Malaquais* (1906) and *La Guinguette à Montmagny*

(1907), both from the Pétridès Collection in Paris, and both on display for the first time. The exhibition has brought together a generous representation of the "White Period," when snow-covered scenes like those in *Notre Dame de Clignancourt* (1912)—lent by Mme Camille Dreyfus—and *La Maison de Mimi Pinson* (1915)—lent for its first showing by Mr. and Mrs. M. H. Blinken—evoked a particularly happy response from his austere palette preferences. Also on view are such well-known masterpieces as *Le Jardin de Renoir* (1910), lent by Grégoire Taruopol, *La Cathédrale de Chartres* (1912), lent by Mr. and Mrs. Alex Lewyt, and the Art Gallery of Toronto's *Maison de Berlioz* (1917).

What Utrillo's early work presents is a charmed simplicity, an instinctive rightness in design and color harmony. He suggests not a child prodigy certainly, but a prodigious child, possessing the artistic maturity of a master and still innocent of worldly knowledge. He was ignorant of theories or movements, yet his works at times seem based upon a primeval preacquaintance with the experiments which were beginning to engage his contemporaries. In the current showing, for instance, his *Fabriques* (1911), lent by Mr. and Mrs. Alex Lewyt, reveals a startling grasp of the "abstract" and the "geometric"; at the same time the work is pregnant with surrealist mystery. His contemporaries assiduously courted the simple and the wondrous. Unaware of their pursuit, sharing none of their styles, he yet achieved their goals—through natural grace.

Opposite page: La Cathédrale de Chartres (1912). Below: Les Fabriques (1911). Both works collection of Mr. and Mrs. Alex Lewyt.





All photos by Gnlika

The Humiliated Lion (1952); courtesy Galerie Springer, Berlin.

*In his childlike and yet apocalyptic allegories,
Schroeder Sonnenstern castigates the world
with a German Gothic ferocity.*

A PROPHET IN BERLIN

BY EDOUARD RODITI

HOWEVERMUCH Berlin, since 1945, may have made the headlines as a bone of political contention or as an inferno of collective human distress, the former capital of Prussia and of a united Germany seems to have ceased to lead an independent cultural life or to be a center capable of launching new artistic trends or new reputations. Since its artists have been freed from the imperatives of Nazi Germany's conformist cultural policies, only a limited number of outstanding Berlin painters have attracted attention beyond the city's limits. Paul Strecker and Werner Heldt both died relatively young, before their work had earned them the esteem that it still deserves; Mac Zimmermann had to emigrate to Western Germany in order to become at all

known on the international art market; Theodor Werner and Heinz Trökes have both made their reputations in Paris and in Switzerland as much as in Western Germany or in Berlin; other younger Berlin painters of talent, such as Alexander Camaro, have managed, since 1945, to make a name for themselves only locally, mainly as teachers in West Berlin's Fine Arts Academy. Even an older artist such as Marcus Behmer, once famous throughout the world among collectors of fine illustrated books, has failed since the war to meet the acclaim that his veritable resurrection from imprisonment in a Nazi jail would have led one to expect; a few months ago, a retrospective one-man show of Behmer's work in Frankfurt am

Main's Staedl'sche Museum went almost unnoticed, though it was his first important show since his work had been banned in the Third Reich.

In an art market that remains as provincial, isolated and disorganized as that of postwar Western Berlin, it is not surprising that a talent as unusual and provocative as that of Friedrich Schroeder Sonnenstern should have inspired, in the past five years, no serious critical comment. A truly exceptional self-taught Sunday painter, Schroeder Sonnenstern distinguishes himself from the majority of the other known painters of this class in that he can scarcely be called naïve or unsophisticated and, on the contrary, expresses in his work an unusually scurilous and individualistic sense of satire. Born in 1892 in Tilsitt, close to the former Russian frontier in Eastern Prussia, he spent his childhood as a younger son in a family of thirteen children. To distinguish himself at all, in such a crowd of siblings, without arousing jealousies, he soon learned to be the fool or jester of the family. He pretends today that he was so consistently confused with one of his brothers that he has never been really sure of his own identity or of his age.

GIFTED with an exceptional intelligence, he has been handicapped throughout his adult life by lack of an adequate schooling or of any specific training. For years he tried his hand, with no lasting success, at a great number of trades. At one time, for instance, he was employed as a milk inspector; at other times he worked as a gardener or sold special salts for the home production of mineral waters in outlying areas of Prussia where these popular drinks were not available in bottled form. During the last war, he was a foreman in a shop where new planes were tested for the Luftwaffe. Always he acquired the basic knowledge needed for each trade with great

ease, but then failed, in the conformist German economy, to overcome the handicaps that beset any "freak" who has not been through the mill and obtained his training in the traditional manner, with the usual diplomas.

Throughout these many years of frustration, Friedrich Schroeder Sonnenstern always felt that his real vocation must be in the arts, preferably as an actor or an entertainer. Even now, five years after his choice of painting as a medium of self-expression, he still dabbles in writing doggerel and improvising music. In the twenties he had already acquired a local reputation for a while, in Berlin's borough of Scöneberg, as a prophet or clairvoyant. He had let his hair and beard grow so as to suggest a Christlike nature and then made public appearances, draped in a white sheet, in neighborhood taverns. His prophecies concerning current events and the fate of individual clients soon earned him a fairly lucrative practice, especially after it became known that he spent all his earnings on relieving the distress of a number of the city's countless victims of postwar inflation. Because of the sandwiches he thus distributed as a one-man Salvation Army, he was soon known as "Der Brötchenfürst," the Sandwich King, rather than as Eliot I, the pseudonym which he had adopted as a prophet.

His successes as a public speaker in the somewhat unorthodox gatherings of his followers soon earned Schroeder Sonnenstern, in the late twenties, the attention of the Nazis, who offered to employ him as a speaker in local propaganda rallies. They at once detected, however, the unequivocal criticism implied in much of his clowning and buffoonery, especially in his impersonations of Nazi leaders. After the Second World War, during which he had found employment fairly easily, he was reduced to living on relief, in a badly damaged tenement in one of West Berlin's most bombed-out areas. In 1950, he began

The Ship of State (1954); collection Edouard Roditi.

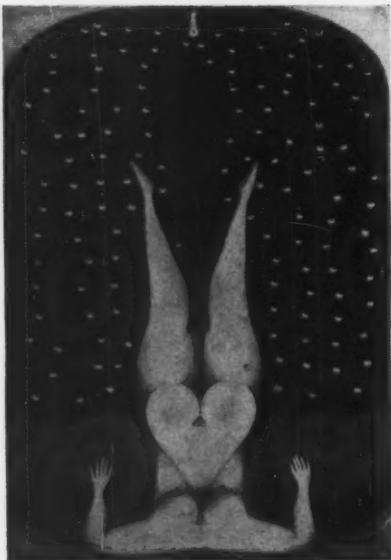


A PROPHET IN BERLIN



The Tamer of the Lunar Donkeys
(1955); courtesy
Galerie Springer,
Berlin.

Practice (1952);
courtesy Galerie
Springer, Berlin.



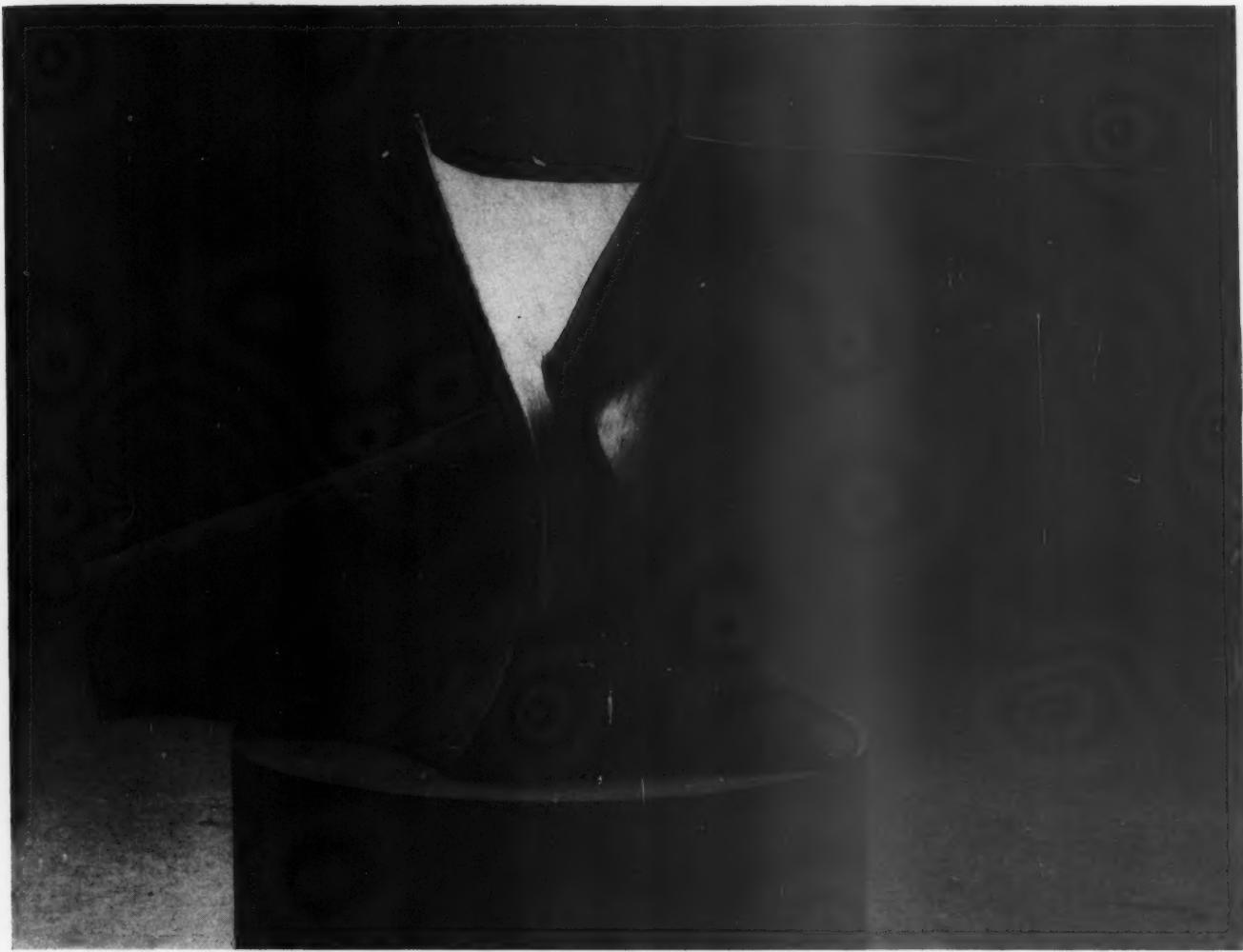
Theory (1952);
courtesy Galerie
Springer, Berlin.



to draw and to paint. With the help of Rudolf Springer, owner of a Berlin art gallery, and of Juro Kubicek, abstract painter and instructor at the West Berlin Fine Arts Academy, he learned where to obtain better materials and soon developed a greater technical skill. If the various styles of the contemporary art world could be demonstrated in a kind of map or topographical diagram, the style that Schroeder Sonnenstern has now evolved would situate him at a point equidistant from the styles of the New York self-taught genius Morris Hirschfield, of the earlier social satire of George Grosz, and of the dream world of Max Ernst. As a self-taught artist, Schroeder Sonnenstern has the childlike vision and the erotic obsessions that characterize the painting of Hirschfield; as a satirist, he has the anarchistic nonconformism of the earlier George Grosz, the same "small man's" distrust of authority and of convention; with Max Ernst he shares an apocalyptic or mythical quality in the tradition of German Gothic art and romanticism.

Each one of Schroeder Sonnenstern's compositions is an elaborately satirical allegory, the elements of which he often explains in a written commentary, sometimes expounded on the back of the picture, sometimes in a separate manuscript, many of these commentaries being composed somewhat freely, in doggerel, whatever dialogue they contain being written in Berlinese or Prussian dialect, in the traditional style of popular "Hans Wurst" satirical ballads. Though he does not share the theological preoccupations of a Hieronymus Bosch, he yet derives much of his imagery from the same sources of popular fable and proverbial lore, to which he always adds, however, a twist of his own, with a sense of parody and of paradox analogous to that which Oscar Wilde often displayed in his distortions of commonplaces. Many of Schroeder Sonnenstern's compositions are conceived in the folkloristic manner of nineteenth-century Germany's popular Neu-Ruppiner color prints, which were the Prussian equivalent of France's *images d'Epinal*; others, among his works, are conscious parodies of the style of the illustrations to the ruthless tales of *Struwwelpeter*, but with a more scurrilous awareness of sexual symbolism and a more unashamed sado-masochism. The peculiar quality of Schroeder Sonnenstern's wit and fantasy transforms moreover all the popular or folkloristic elements of his art into something more obviously individual than the style of many a more sophisticated modern painter. Somewhat of a crank in much of his philosophy of life as he expresses it in his speech and his writings, he yet conveys the same ideas far more convincingly in his drawings, much as William Blake once communicated his visions more immediately and clearly in some of his paintings than in the poetry of his prophetic books. In Schroeder Sonnenstern's *The Ship of State*, for instance, the waters symbolize the anonymous crowd that supports its proud rulers and feeds them too, supplying them with fish and with the water for the boiler of their war machine; every detail of the composition is thus a symbol, a criticism of the existing social order. *Practice* is symbolized by a headless woman out of whose womb there grows a tree of life; entirely absorbed in her task of spontaneous physical creation, she never needs to think. *Theory*, her counterpart, is a man whose sterile thoughts are the leafless excrescences which spring from his head, draining all the energy away from his wasted body.

Treated by the West Berlin authorities and by his fellow citizens as harmless lunatic who only just avoids being a public nuisance, Friedrich Schroeder Sonnenstern has attracted, until now, only the attention of local reporters who, when other news is scarce, can always sell a silly-season story about his goings-on. No serious Berlin art critic has yet had the flair or the initiative to discuss the deeper implications of his work, and even his dealer, Rudolf Springer, has not yet dared face the uproar that an exhibition of such nonconformist compositions might create. In a city where, as is the case now in Berlin, some really enterprising middlemen in the art world are literally unthinkable, it is all the more difficult for a "freak" artist like Schroeder Sonnenstern to obtain the serious appreciation that he deserves.



Dynamic Projection at Thirty Degrees (1950-51); at Musée d'Art Moderne.

ANTOINE PEVSNER IN PARIS

BY BARBARA BUTLER

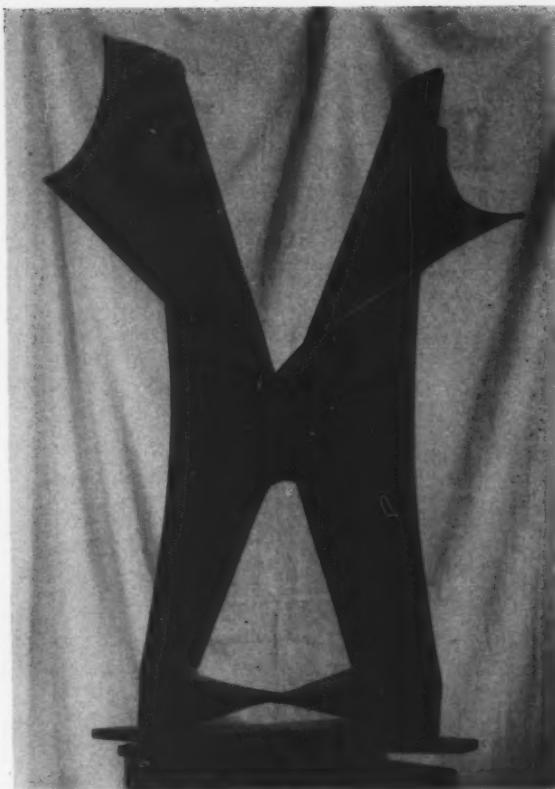
THE exhibition of Antoine Pevsner at the Musée d'Art Moderne is one of the major events of the winter season in Paris. It represents in some ways Pevsner's first real triumph in the official Parisian art world, for though he first came to France in 1911 and settled in Paris permanently in 1923 as an exile from Soviet Russia—and even exhibited that year with his brother Gabo at the Galerie Percier—he has always had to look elsewhere in Europe and in America for an official recognition of his talents. The current exhibition is actually Pevsner's second one-man show in Paris, notwithstanding his influential role in founding such artists' groups as the "Abstraction-Création" and, with Herbin and others, the "Réalités Nouvelles." His first came as late as 1947, with an exhibition of twenty pieces of sculpture at the Galerie René Drouin.

The current show at the Musée d'Art Moderne makes up for the omissions of the past, however. It includes over eighty drawings, paintings, reliefs and sculptures, and it has been beautifully installed by the artist himself to give the most complete exposition of his art that one could hope for. All of his major works are included, many borrowed from museums and private collections, and every phase of his development is well represented.

Pevsner's artistic ideas were formed during that period just before and after the First World War when artists all over Europe were seeking new plastic means of expression in a

conscious rebellion against the past—a period which produced, characteristically, not only a new art but manifestoes which made metaphysical as well as esthetic claims. Like many of his contemporaries, Pevsner took little interest in the immediate heritage of Western art and in the official styles of the time, but unlike his coevals in Western Europe he found in his native Russian culture a source which could nourish him. At art school in Kiev in 1910 it was the rich collection of Byzantine paintings and icons in that city, not the lessons of his classes, which occupied his interests most deeply. He was particularly struck by the inverted perspective of the medieval art forms, which conveyed an impression of mobility through the arrangement of planes rather than figures in action. It was this insight which formed the basis of his later achievements, and it was soon reinforced by his first contacts with advanced Western painting, the Cézannes and cubist paintings in the Moscow collections of Morosov and Shchukine.

Under the influence of these modern works and the stimulus of Russian *avant-garde* groups like the "Jack of Diamonds," Pevsner went to Paris, first in 1911 when he saw the Salon des Indépendants and again in 1913, at which time his closest friends were Archipenko and Modigliani. Archipenko was then pioneering in cubist sculpture, and Modigliani too was largely occupied as a sculptor at that time; with them and the "Section d'Or" group of cubists, out of whose discussions came Gleizes



Developable Column (1946).



Projection in Space (1938); collection M. and Mme Paul Tacher.

ANTOINE PEVSNER IN PARIS

and Metzinger's book, *Du Cubisme*, Pevsner was thus abreast of the most advanced artistic ideas of his time. It is interesting to note that although his aim, even as a student, had always been to become a sculptor, it was in painting that he found in this period the vehicle most congenial to his talent. It was a decade later, just before his permanent departure from Russia, that he began his first three-dimensional constructions.

THE dictum embodied in *Du Cubisme*, that the meaning of art was "to invent rather than to represent, to demonstrate the essence rather than the appearance of the world," was carried to its furthest extreme by Pevsner's Russian contemporaries. In the total abstraction of Kandinsky's "Improvisations," in the rayonism of Larionov and Goncharova and the suprematist paintings of Malevitch and in the metal, glass and wood constructions of Tatlin, the rejection of representation was more radical than in Parisian art and comparable only to the art of the De Stijl movement in Holland. (Incidentally, the term "constructivism" was first used by Tatlin although it was later used primarily to describe the post-1920 sculpture of Pevsner and Gabo.)

After the first stage of the Russian Revolution in 1917, for a few years the excitement of the new political order was an important impetus to experimentation and new theories in almost all the arts. Like many of his contemporaries, Pevsner returned to his home and became one of the leaders of the official art world. He was given a post in the newly formed art workshops which were dedicated to discovering new materials and new plastic modes. It was a brief interlude when Russian artists were able to work with the conviction that they were participating in a revolution in art as significant and as "progressive" as the new political order.

The interlude was short-lived. By the early twenties the state began to exert considerable political pressure for an art subservient to official ideology, and the discussions of the workshops were soon turned from purely esthetic considerations to

the question of the status of art in the communist state. The orthodox Bolsheviks, led principally by Tatlin, held that art should serve functional purposes, that its *raison d'être* was future innovations in engineering and architecture; in the end painting and sculpture were to be confined to the socialist realism which has ever since been the mainstay of official Soviet esthetics. In vehement opposition to utilitarian concepts, Pevsner together with his brother Gabo organized in August, 1920, a joint exhibition of their paintings and sculpture in an orchestra shell in central Moscow and issued a proclamation for an autonomous art—the so-called "Realist Manifesto" which was later called the "Constructivist Manifesto" when that term came to be applied to their work. Its essential points were:

"To realize our creative life in terms of space and time: such is the unique aim of creative art.

"... we shape our work as the world its creation, the engineer his bridge, the mathematician his formulas of a planetary orbit.

"Life does not know beauty as a measure in esthetics. Reality is the highest beauty."

Later they amplified their esthetic with these important points:

"The volume of mass and the volume of space are not plastically the same thing, but two different materials, concrete and measurable.

"We utilize space as a new plastic element . . . [it] becomes a malleable material and is incorporated in our constructions."

By 1923, however, the Soviets had relegated art entirely to the glorification of the state, and Pevsner got out. He went first to Berlin where his work in the First Russian Art Exhibition had met considerable success the year before. Later that same year he came to Paris.

Pevsner's work reflects the uncompromising spirit of his manifestoes, and in this respect his *oeuvre* has a remarkable consistency. He has devoted himself completely to "pure art" and primarily to the problems of implying a temporal element through the successive juxtapositions of spatial forms. In his

paintings he approaches this problem through an extraordinary clarity of both key and the control of compositional rhythms. Most of the canvases in the Paris exhibition are actually low reliefs, painted with chemically treated plastic materials, encaustics and oil mixtures which create luminous tones and a variety of surface textures. The rectilinear forms literally occupy their own planes and, through the reflection of light on the different densities of material, recede or project back and forth from the picture plane. Lines are incised rather than drawn, separating the forms by an open, if very minute, space.

The first of the outright three-dimensional pieces employ the same repetitions of simple shapes. The planes are set out in space, in series, parallel and at right angles to each other. Different colored plastics convey differences in density. In a few of these early pieces Pevsner used the head or figure as a point of departure, drawing the features with planes of plastic which, viewed head-on, leave hollow intervals on the frontal plane. The culmination of these figurative studies are *The Portrait of Marcel Duchamp*, which Pevsner did in 1926 as a tribute to an old friend and which is one of the masterpieces of his work, and the central figure for the *décor* which he and Gabo created for Diaghilev's ballet *La Chatte* (1927), shown in the Paris exhibition in photograph. Pevsner's use of simultaneity is not really a fragmentation of volume but an insistent, repetitious projection of similar forms set at precise spatial intervals, and this manner of building a surface through a series of simultaneous elements is a constant element in his work. The heads in his figurative pieces give an impression of kinesthetic motion through this echoing plastic interval rather than by implying an object viewed from several angles at once. The abstract free-standing and relief constructions in metal, glass and plastics of the twenties also employ series of parallel planes; thin, flat masses complement each other at right angles in a work such as *The Fountain: Construction in Space* (1929), composed of four tapered "arms" projecting from a hollowed center like the cardinal points of a compass. Occupying a small proportion of the space they displace, the balanced patterns reach outward, cutting through the air.

In Pevsner's later work, flat planes are more and more replaced by successive curved forms; following on his theory of making space itself a precise element, these forms enclose or imply enclosed space, creating a similarity of voids as well as a similarity of shapes. In *Projection in Space* (1938), one of the outstanding works in the show, the edges of the cylindrical shapes are cut in V's like wings extending into space; here both the projection and the enclosed space are wedged together so that the various curves and sharp edges imply both extension and the pressure of space within the piece. This synthesis is further emphasized by the tangential lines of straight rods, set on the surface, which open outward as the curve expands. The gold-colored lines gleam on the oxidized black surface, giving one an impression like that of folds radiating from the pressure of a knee or elbow in the robe of a figure in a Byzantine painting.

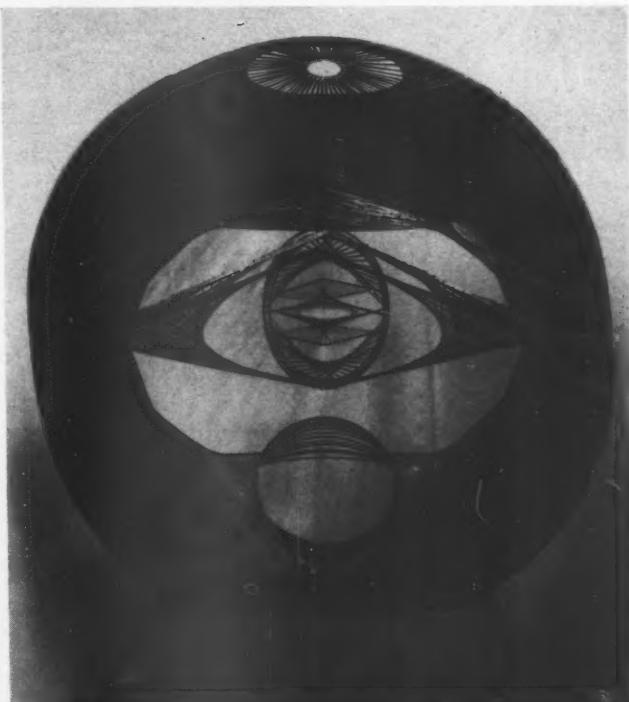
These tangential lines anticipate the "developable surfaces" which become Pevsner's primary mode of construction after 1940. His "developable surfaces"—the name he has given to several of these later pieces—are constructed entirely of straight rods which are set together at different degrees to create arcs and curves. The surface is made up of a regular series of lines. The rods of copper, bronze or brass are soldered together in a difficult process involving extreme heat (each piece takes some seven or eight months to complete), leaving regular spatial intervals separating each long, slender mass. Oxidized to burnished reds and tones of silver, blue and gold, they shimmer with light, capturing and channeling it along the curved surface even as the curves "capture" their enclosed space. In these works Pevsner most fully realizes his aim of making light and space "malleable" and "concrete," for the rods function as reflectors, precisely pacing out the flow of light. Thus the principle of simultaneity is extended to the point where both elements, space and mass, dissolve into each other, the whole piece composed with the same "line."

The two major aspects of Pevsner's "developable surfaces" are (1) forms which are repeated in different scales and (2) forms basically symmetrical which extend mirrorlike in different directions. In the former category—in which *The World* (1947) and the *Monument to an Unknown Political Prisoner* (1950-51) are the best examples—duplicate spaces are set one inside the other in a microcosm-macrocosm relationship, with the emphasis on the exact intervals of voids and mass within the enclosed space. In the second category—best represented by *Dynamic Projection at Thirty Degrees* (1950-51) and *Projection in Space* (1942)—the forms extend and unfold into their surrounding space as in the earlier *Projection in Space* (1938), the entire work giving an effect of motion. It is the ripple of light on the striated surface, a constant interplay of light and shadow on the planes of which the work is composed, which conveys this impression of movement even more than formal repetitions of the larger forms which these planes make up.

Pevsner works out each one of these conceptions from a series of drawings of each profile, and then from preliminary models in metal. In their actual construction they are built like machines, with each component fitted together according to plan so that there is no deviation from their original conceptions. Through his control of this configuration of elements, organizing them into harmonious statements of space and light, Pevsner strikes an optimistic note for our mechanical age. And it is the mechanical age which his work represents, but at a level at which it becomes a revelation of an intellectual order.



At Left: Antoine Pevsner.
Below: Monument to an Unknown Political Prisoner (1950-51).



CREMONINI



Seesaw (1950); collection Carnegie Institute.

*Featured at the Viviano Gallery,
his canvases present a timeless repose
derived from classic Italian craftsmanship.*

BY WILLIAM RUBIN

If I love these organic forms," said Cremonini holding some sea shells to the light, "it is because they contain within them an order which for me becomes an architectural law." A group of us had just returned to the studio from an afternoon on the isolated rock cliffs and beaches of Brittany, the car filled with mineral and vegetal specimens of every form and description soon to swell the collection covering the walls. Outside these same inscrutable shapes were writ large as the magnificently weathered cliffs of the Breton shore line, those same amorphic stones which Tangy so loved—and which he re-created so differently. A great calm pervades the life which Cremonini and his wife lead in this isolated place, so close to the storied isle of Tristan's castle and so remote from hectic urbanism, a calm which fosters the search for a meditative order that is the sign of his classicism.

The spirit of timeless monumentality which marks every

Cremonini canvas is a particularly Mediterranean trait and suggests his affinity with painters of the early Renaissance like Giotto and Piero della Francesca. Next to the present-day "action" painter he is methodologically, at least, a "re-actionary." The immediate and spontaneous gesture of a Kline or Mathieu apotheosizes the vitality of a passing moment in a world of flux. Cremonini's method, on the contrary, aims toward the continuous in experience and involves a long distillation of sentiment before the work is even begun and then an arduous process of building up the image, layer after layer, over a period of a year and often more, during which time a small group of canvases is simultaneously pressed toward completion. After the divisions of the larger plan are set down (based on carefully wrought out drawings), the varnish glazes are searchingly applied, often in as many as ten laminations. The irregular edges of these glazed areas reveal enough of the different color layers below to give the surface vibrancy and luminous depth while bearing witness to the many decisions of the process of integration. Meditation is the essence of this method, and Cremonini will often sit for hours before a canvas hardly touching it.

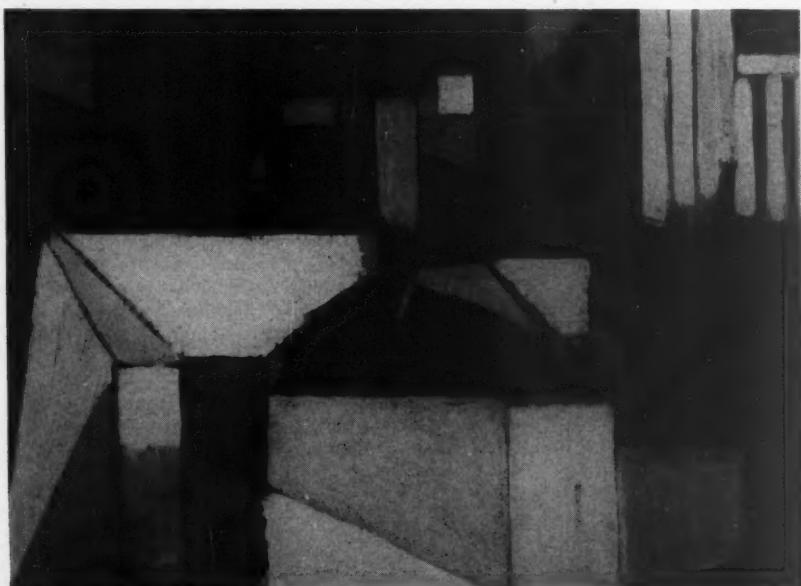
THESE values and, indeed, this method of painting derive directly from twin sources that motivate Italian art even in its most modern manifestations: classicism and craftsmanship. Born in Bologna in 1925, son of a railroad conductor who was also an amateur painter, Leonardo Cremonini began painting at the age of thirteen, remaining in his native city five years longer to study, in part, at the municipal School of Fine Arts. Emphasis there was placed on techniques and methods, training which stood him in good stead as he advanced to work in the Brera Academy of Milan. Conditions at the Brera were much freer than those in the Italian academies of the recent past, and no stylistic tastes were imposed upon the students. One could work with the neo-classicist Achille Funt, the veteran futurist Carlo Carra, or find a teacher of almost any temperament or taste. Six months of painting in Venice was followed by a French government scholarship to study in Paris in 1950 where a year later he had his initial one-man exhibition.

It was in 1950 that Cremonini's first really personal works made their appearance, pictures in which the influences of his teachers (Minguzzi, for example) were submerged in a new and independent synthesis. The first important canvas, the *Seesaw* (Carnegie Institute Collection), established a progression leading directly to the work which will shortly be exhibited at the Catherine Viviano Gallery (February 11 to March 9). Children playing ball, riding hobbyhorses, swings and seesaws seem strangely and poetically suspended in an eternity of

the moment. How can they ever move, locked firmly as they are in a static and symmetrical geometry? The simplified forms of the children are realized in absolute profile or frontality, thus stabilizing and accentuating (as in Seurat's *Grande Jatte*) the architectural character of the image. If the wit of the formal analogies (a child's head, a ball, the moon) and the piquancy of the spotting of these gray and white forms against the darker ground save this work from its too obvious dependence on an over-all geometry, the same is unfortunately not true of many of the other canvases, particularly figure pictures, completed in 1950 and early the next year. The *Crucifixion* is a case in point. Here the concern for geometrical coherence has resulted in a subdivision of the body of Christ into a number of rather simple units which together seem more a superimposition of an external system than the development of intrinsic structural qualities of the subject. As a result the figure has an unpleasant muscle-bound appearance. We sense, behind it all, that Cremonini was drawn to the Crucifixion not out of religious conviction, but because it explores the relationships of a figure locked to a simple architectural form.

More successful in these first years were the landscapes, largely views of Italian hill towns and their environs, in which the inherent geometry of the subject is beautifully celebrated. Anyone who has seen an Italian farmer or *muratore* putting up a barn, painting or plastering a wall, understands that monumental sense of order and equilibrium, achieved by the simple setting of one form against another, which is indigenous to the Italian soil. The Italian hill town, so different from those of other countries, seems an unconscious collective recapitulation of this instinct and provided for Cremonini, as it did for Renaissance painters, a most congenial starting point. It is not in essential character, but in degree of abstraction, that *The Red Roofs* (1951) differs from the hill towns of Piero's frescoes. More in command of his materials in this series, Cremonini allowed the brushwork to come forth with the frankness and vigor of a wall painter. The strokes, in their broad vertical and horizontal rhythms, accentuate and extend the architectural quality of the whole. Color remained muted in these landscapes, as in the figure pictures, tending toward the gray and terra-cotta ranges with occasional passages in the blues and purples. But toward the end of 1951, as Cremonini increasingly mastered the larger compositional problems, his color became freer and brighter until, as in the most recent work, it has gemlike luminosity and saturation. What they lack in color the early landscapes make up in the extraordinary evocation of that pure and enigmatic white light seen only in Italy. The stillness and infinity of this light (so beautifully captured in the early work of Chirico) gives these landscapes

The Red Roofs (1951).



Machines (1955-56).



CREMONINI



Cliffs at Ischia (1952), drawing.



Cliffs at Ischia (1955-56), oil.

a sense of participation in a larger cosmic order that transcends the actuality of time and place.

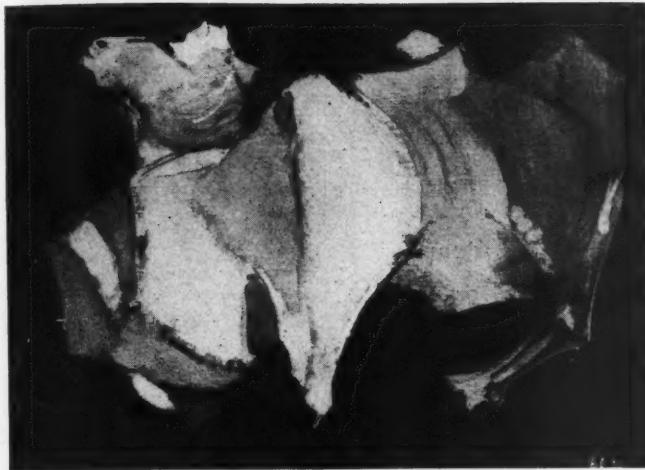
At Ischia in 1952 Cremonini began a series of animal pictures, largely *abattoir* scenes, which constitute perhaps his most original assertion. The first of these, *The Slaughterhouse*, was exhibited that autumn at the Carnegie International and elicited wide comment. On the left, a side of beef is suspended, its severed head pendant from a hook in the center. On the right are visible the torso and arms of a butcher who wields a knife in preparation for a further segmentation of the animal. If the subject sounds bloody and aggressive, the work itself transcends such experience. It is true that the slaughtered animal has been an important poetic metaphor in modern painting for the violence and suffering which characterize our age. Soutine, for example, used it to communicate the material nature of suffering and distorted or twisted the animal to emphasize its agony. Soutine's reds are directly those of blood (recall the story of his spattering the beef with fresh blood kept in a studio bucket), but Cremonini's belong to a system of color that disengages itself from the world of material objects. By the same token, the shapes of Cremonini's animals constitute an autonomous vocabulary of controlled and quiet forms which he discovers in all things. The impression is, then, not one of violence or anguish, but rather of the fatality of terrestrial experience.

Next to his house in Ischia was an open-air *abattoir* consisting of a small house and a pen in which the animals awaited their end. Their simple death took place within a grove of trees and seemed to Cremonini more like a religious sacrifice than a butchery. "It was free of mechanical character. Like a primordial ritual of man and animal." This is what he has tried to convey in his animal series: the sense of finality—the ineluctable submission of all things to enduring cosmic order. In *The Slaughterhouse* and such canvases as the *Fallen Bull* and *Skinned Bulls* of the same year and *Famished Rams*, completed early in 1953, the color becomes richer and freer, stressing reds and greens which detach themselves with increasing determination from the neutral backgrounds held over from the earlier works. While the geometrical underpinning is still sometimes forced or obvious, there is an increasing flexibility as well as a greater interest in organic as opposed to geometrical forms. In fact, the progression from the geometric to the organic might well describe the over-all process of Cremonini's six years of independent painting. The series came to a brilliant completion late in 1953 with *Bulls Butchered and Strung*, in which within a subdued and deeply poetic color setting Cremonini has achieved an adjustment of forms which reflects a complete mastery of the classical idiom.

The last three years have been increasingly devoted to figure pictures—bathers, mothers and children, and fishermen—which, with a number of landscapes and some groups of living animals, constitute nearly the whole range of his subject matter. As our eye passes from one to another of these canvases, it becomes apparent that Cremonini has discovered within these different subjects forms of a common organic quality which link his world together. The crossbeams of the boat in *Two Rowers* are like the rib cage of a butchered animal, while the foreground of a landscape, as Stephen Spender observed in a short article on the painter, looks like the bones of the thigh stretched from pelvis to kneebone. Even his *Machines* reveals forms suggesting animal crania, rocks and bones. Unlike the romantic artist who celebrates the variety and uniqueness of visual forms, Cremonini loves those which may be rediscovered in differing aspects of reality. He achieves coherence and order through stressing the common denominator rather than the numerator of the visual and experimental world.

The quiet distance which seems to separate Cremonini's scenes from immediate and spontaneous experience reflects the long period of gestation of his images. His pictures are not the counterpart of direct vision, nor even of immediate recollection.

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Fallen Bull (1952);
courtesy Catherine Viviano Gallery.

Bulls Butchered and Strung (1953). Here is Cremonini's answer to Soutine and Bacon, for whom the side of beef is a bloody and tortured reminder of the violence that characterizes our era. Gone is the sense of the immediate and material nature of suffering and in its place—a transcendent esthetic detachment which meditatively locates the death of the animal in a fatalistic order of cosmic magnitude. For Cremonini the bull's death had a ritual connotation (see text) reminiscent of the Mithraic celebrations and taurine sacrifices of the ancient world, and his picture strikes us with the primordial force of a universalized sacrament. The abstracted forms of the animal are here suspended timelessly in a darkly poetic void, linked with one another through analogies of shape and tone and focused with respect to the dominant light bull's head which acts as a fulcrum for the composition. The deep luminosity depends upon a refreshing exploration of the classical technique of building up the whites in rich impasto and the darks in multiple laminations of translucent glazes. But most of all we are impressed by the monumental character of the shapes and that sense of perfect adjustment and equilibrium which signifies mastery of the language of classicism.



CREMONINI

Balconies of Italy (1953-55). In the warm sunlight which suffuses an Italian back street a casual moment of everyday activity is enigmatically suspended. All trace of triviality is gone, and the sparing, controlled and almost hieratic gestures argue a sense of the monumental and absolute which recalls Giotto and Masaccio. It is a world with a spell on it, the classical spell of order and quietude. Begun in 1953 and completed in 1955, this painting resumed, in Cremonini's most comprehensive statement thus far, the discoveries of the previous five years. The scalloped parallelograms of the laundry, the tenuous webs of railings and the stoic figures all sounded against a background of simple architecture are here brought together for the first time.



Bather (1952).



Mother and Child (1956).



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tion, but rebirths of experiences long forgotten. "It is only when visual images are physically forgotten and are already a part of my unconscious, that they are ready to be brought out again and created into a picture. Now the recollection of these lost images takes place when I lovingly search any organic object like a sea shell or a piece of wood. In and through the act of loving these objects, my images take on profile." The process is not unlike that recommended by Leonardo da Vinci in his notebooks, but whereas Leonardo insists that the picture be brought to a level of realistic finish in which the "Rorschach-like" origin of the image is totally submerged, Cremonini willfully leaves his picture hovering delicately between these two poles. Sometimes ideas come to him through his non-figurative *tachiste* exercises which begin by pressing a piece of drawing paper on the palette as it happens to be covered at the end of a day's painting. "After all," he observes, "one makes a new picture on the palette each time one paints." Then Cremonini sets to work on the drawing paper clarifying some shapes, intensifying color areas, and impressing the image with a coherent abstract order. He never exhibits these pictures but uses them as "keys" from which he derives suggestions as he does from the various organic props of the studio.

THE command of formal order and the increasingly variegated vocabulary of forms which structure the best works of 1953 led Cremonini to begin that year his largest (52" by 69") and most comprehensive statement thus far. *Balconies of Italy*, completed in 1955, brings together many motifs developed in separate paintings of the three previous years. From *Sheets in the Sun and Wind* of 1952-53 come the scalloped parallelograms of the laundry that spans the alleyway, while the poses and physiognomies of the figures are linked to a series of paintings of which the stoic and monumental *Bather* of 1952 is the finest example. In *Balconies of Italy*, and in general during the past two years, there has been a gradual increase in the quantity of naturalistic detail. Yet paradoxically the work is freer in character. The answer to the riddle lies in Cremonini's increasing ability to handle extremely intricate compositional relationships. The marked abstraction of the earlier years was in part a way of reducing composition to its simplest terms, of avoiding problems which the painter is now

eager to face. Unlike the non-figurative artist, Cremonini must arrive at an organization of forms which are true not only to the nature of the painting as an esthetic object, but to the experimental, if not the visual, character of objects in the outer world. In his earliest years the greater freedom possible in the abstract reorganization of forms of landscapes and butchered animals led to an emphasis on these subjects. The human figure, most complex and least maneuverable of all subjects, fared less well, and it is only in the past two years that Cremonini has re-created the human body with that controlled variety previously discovered elsewhere. Compare, for example, the stark and titanic *Woman* of 1953 with the *Mother and Child on the Beach* completed just a few months ago. The former still retains some of the "strait-jacketed" character so obvious in the first figure pictures. While the physiognomy and the arms are wholly in keeping with the detached authoritarian character of the work, the upper torso is but a well-adjusted puzzle of somewhat arbitrary forms which do not seem, as in the more recent work, to stem from an inner necessity. The structures of the recent figures, like those in *Bathers amongst the Rocks*, obey a law of absolute finality, each form satisfying simultaneously needs expressed on various esthetic and experimental levels of the picture.

Having thus matured, having liberated his sense of color and shape and yet achieving in this freedom an even greater order and coherence, Cremonini has now to face what is perhaps the most crucial problem for the modern painter. "My greatest concern," he said last summer, "is continuity, continuity of growth and self-discovery." This problem is perhaps more acute for Italian painters than for others. The best of Italy's modern painters have fallen into two ultimately limited groups. The futurists and Chirico created an art of tremendous discovery and variety, but their span of vital creation was hardly more than a decade, and sometimes not even that. The less short-winded Italian painters seem to pay a price for their endurance in terms of an almost hypnotic repetition of extraordinarily limited values and iconography, sometimes (Morandi) retaining taste and integrity, at other times (Campigli) succumbing to a commercial mannerism. One can hardly be sure of what the next years will bring to Leonardo Cremonini, but his consciousness of this problem, his deep-seated integrity and his extraordinary talent combine to make him a good bet.

Bathers amongst the Rocks (1955-56).





Interior: The Gray Table (1942); private collection.

BRAQUE AT THE ZENITH

*A London showing reaffirms the master's strength
—and clarifies a remove from problems of a later generation.*

BY PATRICK HERON

As I tried to explain in a recent article in ARTS on Cézanne,¹ there is a gap fixed between what one currently *feels* about a great artist of the near past and what one *knows* about him. What one *knows*, of course, always includes the sum total of all one has *felt*, up to now. Thus my own reverence for Cézanne was not, I might have suggested, attacked or diminished by the fact that at the present moment I am more curious about, more moved by, and therefore more preoccupied with the works of a number of contemporaries whose stature is not, and never will be, one-fiftieth of Cézanne's. But the truth is that one is alive and struggling; one has immediate problems and appetites: one cannot stand still—not even in the presence of superlative genius. For the living painter it is more important to *realize the next stage* than it is to contemplate and reassess the past—even the very near past.

¹ Editor's Note: See "Is Cézanne Still Alive?" October, 1956.

At long last Georges Braque is become "the very near past." Braque is a great master. He has changed the course of painting in our time. For my part, I have often acclaimed him as the greatest of living painters. And this verdict I again reaffirm.² By comparison, Picasso, as I have often argued, is a remarkable genius of dispersed talent, whose immensely brilliant, immensely inventive productions have an impact that tends to dissolve—by comparison with Braque's. Picasso values communication more than the work of art itself; and so his pictures discharge their remarkable meaning straight at us, temporarily overwhelming us, but leaving us with the feeling that the painting or sculpture in question, having emptied itself as violently and dazzlingly as a firework, is a less exciting object by the following morning—when it is only a damp cardboard tube lying on the lawn. Again and again Picasso's paintings feel like shadows of themselves: one finds that one cannot recapture the experience of their first impact. With Braque the exact opposite has always been true: additional meaning and richness continuously accrue to each canvas. The longer one contemplates a picture by Braque (and by "contemplate" I mean literally "gaze upon") the more one finds in it. Its harmonies expand under one's gaze, deepening and widening, becoming ever more complex, more quiet and more alive. He has always afforded to all his creative processes the utmost in time and care. And in the painstaking devotion of his actual handling he stands particularly apart, in an age in which false notions of the "spontaneous" dominate. The slowness of his

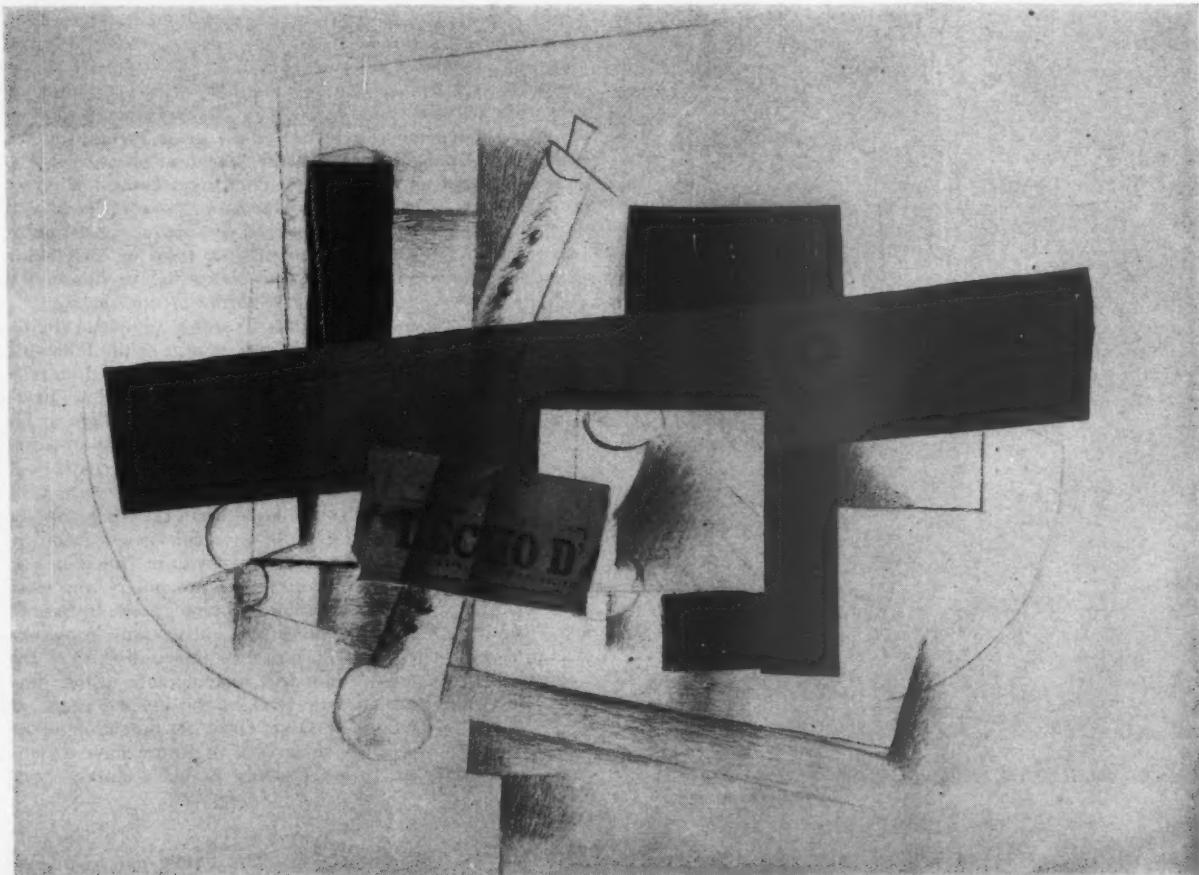
actual execution counterbalances the speed of his original thought and vision. Compare the slow, calculated but nonetheless sensuous brush-rhythms of his finished canvases with the quickly lurching, nervously twitching lines of his notebook drawings made with a fat pen-nib, a charcoal stick or a GB lead pencil.

Braque, indeed, is a very great painter precisely because of the reconciliation, in his artistic personality, of extreme opposites—both of temperament and of technical method, of creative impulse and of style and subject matter. Who can think of his pictures without realizing some of the opposed forces that animate their lucid calm by the tension of their balance within the equilibrium of the total design? For instance, the classical certainty of his abstraction (seen at its most naked in the *papiers collés* of 1912-14—the period which, as I shall explain, now appears nearest to the spatial and formal preoccupations of the younger non-figurative painters) stands opposite his romantic and intimate concern with the actuality of *particular objects*. That is to say, the massive logic and grandeur of the final design contains and, as it were, recapitulates the *personality* of inanimate things: *this* leafy table plant, *this* old, green, flaking garden chair, *this* philodendron leaf against *this* patch of wallpaper. "L'objet, c'est tout!" Braque exclaimed to me when, visiting him in Paris in 1949, I had raised the subject of the non-figurative character of the younger painters' work. But he has also said this: "Let us forget things, and consider only the relationship between them." Thus he cares for the real object which he will put into a picture only in so far as it can be transmuted into pictorial form—and all form, as such, is abstract.

Conversely, Braque cares for the architectonic, the purely abstract, the counterpoint of pure, dissociated forms and colors, only in so far as these will permit the metamorphosis *through themselves* of some external reality, some object that is external to the picture itself, such as the jug or window frame

²In view of certain *apparent* reassessments of Braque's achievement which occur later on in this article I may perhaps be permitted to point out that most of the eulogistic essays on Braque which I have published since 1946 are reprinted in my recent book of collected criticism, *The Changing Forms of Art* (Routledge and Kegan Paul, London, 1955). [Editor's Note: *The Changing Forms of Art* is distributed in the U. S. A. through Macmillan and Co.]

The Clarinet (1913), papier collé; *private collection*.



BRAQUE AT THE ZENITH

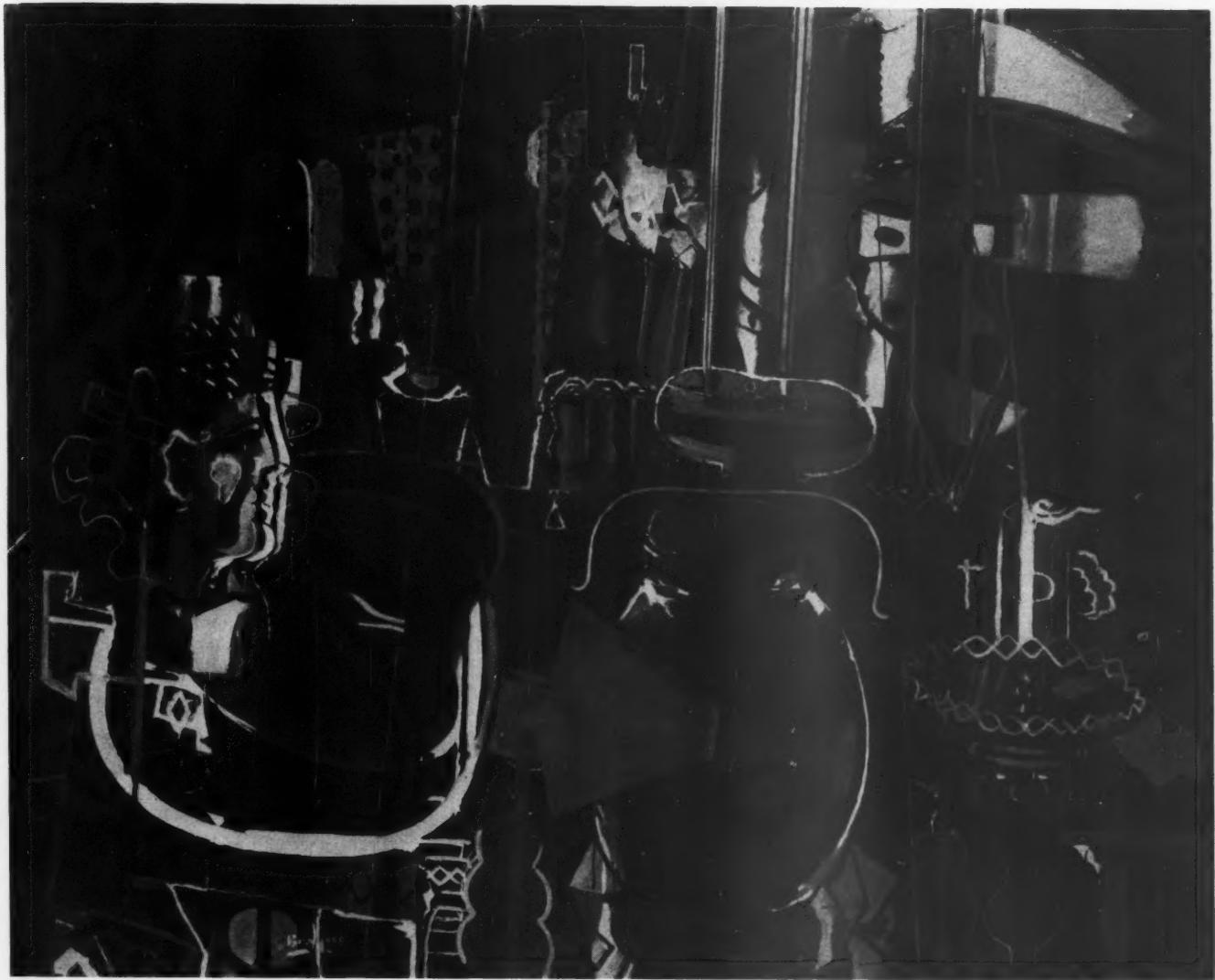


Still Life on a Table (1939-52); collection M. and Mme G. Braque.

or halved lemon which peers out from the colored architecture of the painting's surface. The greatest of abstract artists, he is yet never non-figurative. In its reconciliation of opposites his art may be said to consist of a series of dualistic systems. There is the dualism inherent in a concrete, flat design at the picture surface nevertheless creating the illusion of three-dimensional space behind that surface; and then the dualism of this illusionistic space within the painting being occupied not by illusionistic images of real objects, but by symbolic silhouetted forms which signify, rather than "represent," these same objects; or the dualism involved when extreme contrasts occur between the entire rhythm and detailed execution of one passage in a painting and the next: i.e., the minutely rigid brushwork and drawing in one section may suddenly break down and become large and loosely flowing in an adjacent section, thin and fluid and precise paint giving way to thick and unevenly lumpy pigment, subdued colors giving way to light and gay ones. There is thus a frequent "change of gear," in every sense, as we pass from one passage to another. And Braque thus breaks a rule sacred to most of his contemporaries (and especially those much younger than himself)—which is to the effect that an *even*, consistent tempo in the general handling of a painting should persist throughout the composition. It is indeed an indication of some sort of poverty in the younger non-figurative painters in France and America that too consistent and too obvious a formal rhythm, or pulse, obtains throughout their canvases. Soulages, even, is *too* consistent in tempo. We need to be able to "change gear" from thick to thin, from the largely drawn to the minutely inscribed, from the boldly plastic planal statement to the almost finicky linear detail, *without* smashing up the formal unity of the whole. Piero della Francesca could do it; so could Turner; so could Chardin—and so can Braque.

I could give many further examples of Braque's dualistic nature as a painter of the first order, but I must limit myself to a brief catalogue. To finish with the purely pictorial dualisms first—He reconciles warm and cool colors with greater certainty, it seems to me, than anyone since Cézanne (in other words he is the greatest tonal painter of this century). He weds the essentially rectilinear to the essentially curvilinear more indissolubly than any of his contemporaries (Picasso's basic compositional rhythms are fundamentally rectilinear and triangular; Matisse's are curvilinear). He amalgamates an exceedingly agile and elegant linear idiom with a wonderfully broad plastic one (his early Cézannesque and analytical-cubist works are independent evidence of the great strength of this plastic, or planal, instinct). Finally, his sense of space is conclusively bound up with his insistence upon flatness of image or plane—that is to say, spatial recession (so sure, lucid and majestic in his works) is conceived by Braque in terms of planes placed one behind another (the form of each being determined mainly by the shape of its outline, or silhouette), each and all being created *parallel to the picture surface*.

Looking at certain aspects of his art which are not so technical, I would say that Braque's dualism is seen in the following characteristics. The poetry of his painting is concerned literally with a drama of light versus dark: great, deep shadows drive wedges of pure Night into the cool, clear, gray Daylight of his kitchen-table groups. Or again, the quotidian outline of a frying pan, or of three overlapping laurel leaves perhaps, will suddenly appear as the silhouette of some strange night bird in long, low flight—an image projected upon the commonplace kitchen reality by the swift flight of a symbol straight from the unconscious. Thus the observable, everyday form (the pan, jug, chair) is elevated—almost unnoticeably—into poetry; the most often-seen object becomes the vehicle of strangeness. In Braque form meets essence: conscious meets unconscious; sensation meets idea; symbol meets image; ghost meets flesh. Yet the strangeness is not unreal, fantastic, unacceptable to our daytime mind. The kitchen chair remains the kitchen chair: it does not become a faun or satyr. Only, its operation upon us is such that all kitchen chairs will in future have an enhanced reality for us. In other words, Braque's fantasy (and



Studio II (1949); collection Galerie Maeght, Paris.

The Wheat Field (1952);
collection Galerie Maeght,
Paris. Not included in the
Arts Council exhibition.



BRAQUE AT THE ZENITH

there is always a tiny dash of the surrealist in him) leads always toward reality, not away from it, into the region of dreams or hallucination. Indeed, Braque's metaphysical sense, his flair for inventing images that are also symbols, is a gift for enhancing the visible, tangible world of the physical senses. After submersion in the painting of Braque we are not lured away from the great public world of visual realities—on the contrary, we re-enter it with new gusto and delight, to find Braque's pebbles, his flag poles and rowboats on every beach and to see his flowers and jugs floating inside every cottage window.

THE OCCASION for this essay is the retrospective exhibition of eighty-seven of Braque's works which the Arts Council of Great Britain (in association with the Edinburgh Festival Society) presented at the Tate Gallery, London, from September 28 to November 11 this autumn. The exhibition began with a portrait, *Breton Girl* (1904), and ended with a picture called *On the Wing* (1956). All the major phases were represented, some superlatively well, others with mere adequacy. To begin at the end—I do not consider that Braque's great, late series of *Studio* interiors was at all successfully represented—which was a great misfortune for London. Since I first saw a number of these works, uncompleted, in the artist's studio in 1949, I have been convinced that they represent the climax of his entire career. In their resolution of the problems of spatial complexity they are unsurpassed. But the best of these *Studio* paintings are, in my view, the somber ones based on browns, dark grays, white and black and khaki—with only here or there a vivid, tiny strip of cherry red or livid apple green let into the design as a sort of inlaid segment. Such are *Studio II* (1949), which was included—although it had in fact been seen once before in London (it was the only postwar Braque of any importance previously to have crossed the Channel); *Studio V* (1950); and *Studio VI* (1952)—neither of which was included. Instead we had *Studio VIII* (1955), which is, by complete contrast, painted in bright, gay colors—pinks, yellows, mauves, and so on. To me, it has neither the spatial tautness nor the sheer discipline of the earlier ones I have named. It is the slightest bit slack, even decorative.

As for the other postwar works, I regretted that not one of the great *Billiard Table* series was included—only a small painting showing one corner of a billiard table. Nor was there an example of those exquisite flower still lifes in which the *outline* of petals and leaves is utterly realistic (*The Sunflowers*, of 1946, which was here, is of a different order—much nearer the very solid kitchen or bedroom-window still lifes of 1942-44 than the delicately airy and sunny flower pieces that followed). Again, with the exception of the 1904 *Breton Girl*, the historically important standing *Nude* of 1907-8, and the two decorative upright figure compositions, *Canephorus*, of 1922, there was only one painting in which the human figure appears—the superb *The Duet* (1937), from the Musée d'Art Moderne in Paris. This meant that we saw no studio interiors with painters and models; no seated girls nursing guitars (as if they were babies) of the same period as *The Duet*; no girl playing patience, or looking at her own profile in a mirror, of a later period.

But these are small defects in an exhibition almost entirely composed of masterpieces. They do show, however, that it is not possible to compress a fully representative selection of Braque's entire output into an exhibition limited to eighty-seven works. Sections of this exhibition were, on the other hand, superb both in scope and in the examples chosen. The analytical-cubist wall was shattering in its musical perfection. And then even more exciting to a non-figurative painter were the *papiers collés* of 1912-14. In the sheer blocks of *The Clarinet* (1913), a younger painter sees Braque's nearest approach to that immediate statement of spatial realities with which his own generation is so much concerned. The exhilarating economy of these simple rectangular masses is something which affects us now far more than those brilliant shorthand signs in pencil which surround the pasted paper forms and which communicate the "subject" (table, clarinet, music, etc.).

Finally I feel I must add a more personal postscript to what I have just written. So far, this essay is one I might almost have set down at any time since 1946, when I published my first long article on Braque. So far I have merely recapitulated and enlarged upon some of the ideas I have held on the subject for nearly ten years. What I wish now to end with is an attempt to describe exactly what I feel about Braque's painting at this moment—which is a time when many of my generation (including myself) are occupied in new pursuits having apparently little connection with this great painter's lifework. When I saw twenty-odd paintings by Braque (they dated from 1942 to 1945, roughly) at the Tate Gallery in June, 1946, I was amazed at the strength and hard-hitting resonance of his color. Even the subtle olives and grays and blacks of that large and superb masterpiece, *Interior* (1942) (it reappeared this time as *Interior: The Gray Table*), seemed to me daring, in their space-evoking function, and purely as *color*. Today, though, one is amazed not by the strength of Braque's color, but by its muted subtlety. By comparison with the best contemporary painting (by painters whose reputations have been made since 1946), Braque now seems an Old Master, especially in his color. The very planes of green or gray (in *Interior: The Gray Table*, for instance) which, in 1946, seemed to me revolutionary in their function as formal devices for evoking space (essentially a limited, enclosed, "interior" space; the claustrophobic space of parlor or kitchen) now seem, themselves, spatially constricted; and, in color, gentle, muted—almost as though a fine gray or ochre gauze veil were drawn across the entire picture, introducing a common mixture into each color—so that there is almost never the full punch of pure hues, or primaries. The supremely *tonal* nature of Braque's thought is thus now more apparent than ever before.

So, while I still believe that all I have written about Braque in this essay is true *objectively*, and while I reaffirm my faith in his supreme stature, I do so, for the first time, with a certain feeling of detachment. It is—subjectively—more difficult, now, for me to enter into the spirit of his genius than it used to be. The non-figurative art of today seeks a spatial freedom and certainty in the interaction of colors at once harsher and brighter than Braque's—and through formal gestures and statements that are not controlled, as his are, by either rectilinearity or curvilinearity—but by a new feeling of formal coherence and consistency which depends on neither. The apparent accident of handling, the natural energy of a dripping pigment almost imperceptibly guided by the artist's hand—this new art is apparently very far removed from that of the Master of cubist collage. Yet there is always continuity, at one level or another, between the best of one generation and the next. And in point of fact, we do not have to look far in the recent canvases of Georges Braque to find formal statements that are overtly contemporaneous with tachism—especially with the thickly knifed planes and facets and ragged oblongs of Nicolas de Staël. In the small landscapes of wheat fields, and in certain of the beach scenes, which Braque painted between 1951 and 1955, what we have is a sort of figurative tachism. The mounds of extremely gritty, inch-high paint have a double reading: at one moment you are responding to their purely abstract configuration as colored, kneaded matter; at the next, a ridge of string-like splatters of indigo suddenly settles back into space and becomes the stormy August skyline which lowers over the wheat fields. Nor is this extreme freedom with the pigment (paint plus sand, and even small pebbles, it sometimes seems) a new departure for Braque. There have always been passages in his works (since 1930 particularly) where the instinctive writhing of the painter's wrist has been given free rein.

So I am saying: With a painter as great as Braque it is meaningless for younger painters to say either "We accept him" or "We reject him." Modern art has not flowed round a figure of this size: it has flowed through him. We may have the *feeling* that we reject: but the fact is, we are only who we are and where we are because, in large measure, Braque is who he is where he is. Our present hopes and researches would not exist if his own had not preceded them.



Eugène Louis Boudin, STILL LIFE.

THE WADSWORTH ATHENEUM

*Oldest of American museums, it displays an alert response
to developments in the art of today.*

IN THE summer of 1841 Daniel Wadsworth Esqr. had settled a plan for the establishment of a gallery of fine arts in Hartford . . . So reads the first entry in the records of the Wadsworth Atheneum, the oldest public incorporated art museum in the United States. Daniel Wadsworth's father, Jeremiah, had been a man of practical ability, rendering important services to the armies under Washington and Rochambeau during the Revolution and later engaging in banking. Through him some of the most interesting circles of the day were accessible to the son, who thus developed the wide range of interests responsible for his project of an art museum in his native city. His plan was approved by the General Assembly of Connecticut, and on June 1, 1842, Governor Chauncey F. Cleveland signed the act of incorporation, launching an institutional career significant in the cultural annals of the country.

Construction of the Atheneum—which in the Roman usage meant an institution for the encouragement of literature and art—was begun the same year. Designed in the currently modish "Gothic" manner by Ithiel Town and Alexander Jackson Davis, the building was ready for public inspection in 1844, furnished with the paintings of the late New York Academy of Fine Arts. A second group of paintings, including five by Thomas Cole and six by John Trumbull, came to the Atheneum from Daniel Wadsworth's own collection after his death in 1848. In 1850 the institution issued a catalogue listing 142 items.

The collection gradually grew, but the first major expansion did not occur until 1889, when a "plan of reorganization" was prepared under the leadership of the Reverend Dr. Francis Goodwin, President of the Board of Trustees. In developing his plan he enlisted the support of his cousin, Junius Spencer

THE WADSWORTH ATHENEUM

Morgan, then residing in London. Mr. Morgan, who retained an active interest in the city of his birth, contributed \$100,000 toward the rehabilitation of the Atheneum, and at the same time J. Pierpont Morgan, Sr., added \$50,000 to his father's gift. To the money received from the Morgans, some two thousand Hartford citizens in turn subscribed an additional \$250,000.

Impressively renovated, the Atheneum nevertheless soon proved inadequate for its mounting acquisitions. In 1905 Elizabeth Hart Jarvis Colt, widow of the inventor of the revolver, presented an extensive collection of *objets d'art*, firearms and paintings in memory of her husband—a collection epitomizing the eclectic taste of late-nineteenth-century traveler-collectors. In addition to her collection, Mrs. Colt provided funds for the construction of the Colt Memorial. This addition, designed by Benjamin Wistar Morris, was constructed in 1907. The same year an even more significant gift was made by the Morgans; J. Pierpont Morgan, Sr., proposed an addition to the Atheneum in memory of his father, and the architect of the Colt Memorial was requested to draw up plans for a new building, the Morgan Memorial, erected in 1910 and enlarged in 1916.

UNTIL the turn of the century the collections consisted almost exclusively of paintings and sculpture; now the decorative arts were to be included. From two Hartford collectors, Dr. Horace S. Fuller and Mr. Stephen Terry, the Atheneum received large gifts of pottery and porcelain. But by far the most important bequest in the field of decorative arts came in 1917. Three years after the death of J. Pierpont Morgan, Sr., his son, in accordance with his father's wish,

gave the Atheneum most of the elder Morgan's matchless collection of German and French porcelain, together with a wide variety of European art objects, including a superb group of Greek, Roman and Early Christian bronzes. The collection of Meissen porcelain, numbering 365 pieces, is the largest and the finest of its kind in the world.

Yet it is the Sumner bequest, coming to the institution in 1927 from the estate of Frank C. Sumner, President of the Hartford Trust Company, which has most conspicuously added to the art treasures of the museum. The income from this bequest was to be reserved exclusively for the purchase of paintings of the highest possible quality. Within thirty years the Sumner Collection has developed into an assemblage of international importance, particularly fine in its baroque and rococo masterpieces, and there are few museums in the country that can match the Atheneum's expansion of its painting galleries over this short period.

The most recent major expansion in the history of the Wadsworth Atheneum came with the construction of the Avery Memorial, erected with the accumulated funds left by Samuel Putnam Avery. Designed by the firm of Morris and O'Connor, the new building, in 1934, gave Hartford the most modern fine arts gallery in the country, and one that incorporated a fully equipped theater as well. The Avery Memorial presented the first major Picasso exhibition in the United States. It also witnessed the world *première* of Gertrude Stein and Virgil Thomson's *Four Saints in Three Acts*, as well as the *première* of the American Ballet, under the direction of Georges Balanchine.

Among the country's twenty largest art museums, the

continued on page 43

George Inness, ETRETAT.





Above: Tintoretto's intention in art was to combine "the color of Titian with the design of Michelangelo," but the Atheneum's APOLLO AND MARSYAS is remarkable for a trait that is distinctly the artist's own—the fluid, almost swaying grace of the figures. Right: Renowned above all other Atheneum acquisitions of recent years is Rembrandt van Rijn's PORTRAIT OF A YOUNG MAN, a striking example by the most penetrating and persuasive revealer of character in the history of portraiture.

Courtesy David M. Koetser Gallery.



THE WADSWORTH ATHENEUM

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continued on page 43

George Inness, FIRETRAIL.





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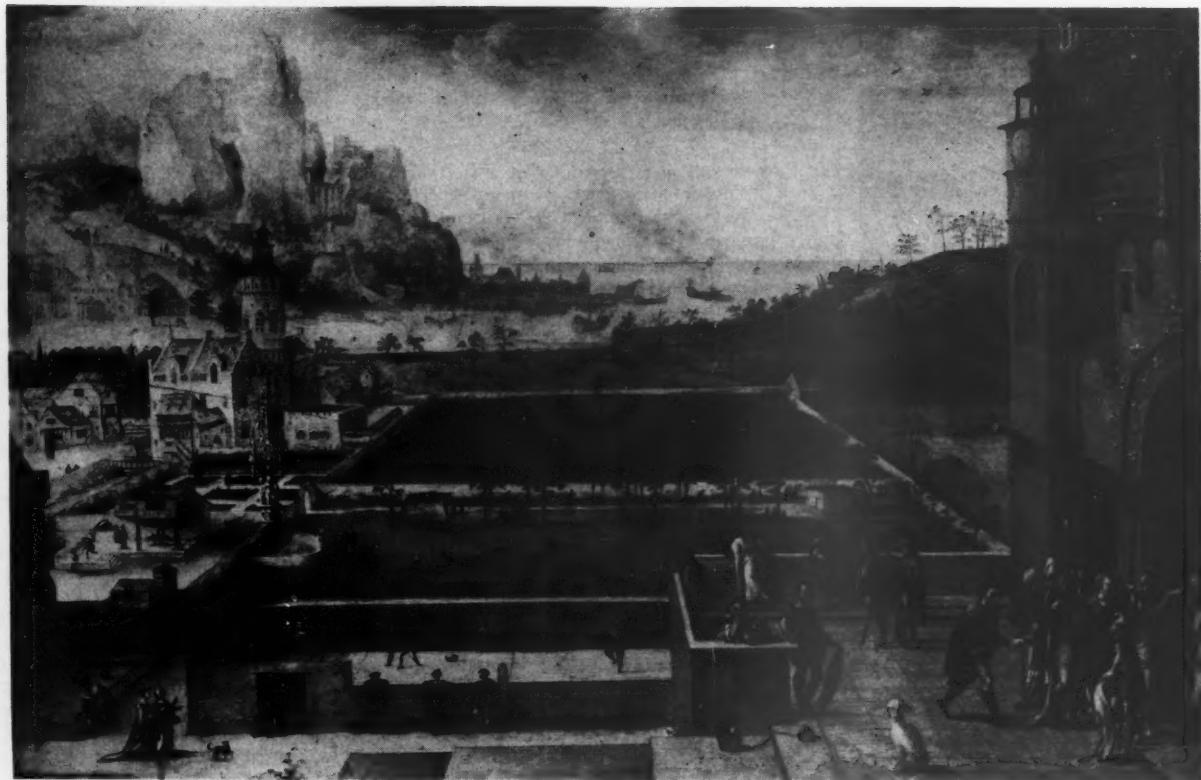
Courtesy David M. Koeper Galleries



THE WADSWORTH ATHENEUM

Francisco de Zurbarán, SAINT SERAPION.





School of Patinir, DAVID AND BATHSHEBA.

continued from page 40

Wadsworth Atheneum today displays its collections through fifty galleries in five interconnected buildings surrounding an inviting court. These galleries present an impressively comprehensive survey of art expression in the major civilizations of the world. From ancient Egypt, Greece and Rome come bronzes, glass and sculpture in stone. The religious art of the Middle Ages and the Renaissance is represented in fine examples. Dutch and Flemish masters include Rubens, Van Dyck, Snyders and Honthorst, while El Greco and Murillo figure among the Spaniards. The museum's strong Italian and baroque collection contains Piero di Cosimo's *Finding of Vulcan* and Tintoretto's *Apollo and Marsyas*. The significant names in the last three centuries of French painting are present. As for the Western Hemisphere, the museum can claim an important assemblage of pre-Columbian art, as well as its famed collections of eighteenth- and nineteenth-century American painting and decorative arts. The Atheneum also displays an extensive group of works by the international masters of our own century—one of the few galleries of this kind to be found in a general art museum.

FORTUNATE in its benefactors, the Wadsworth Atheneum has been fortunate as well in the officials who have guided the policies of the institution. Its first director, Frank Butler Gay, was appointed in 1911; in effect he dedicated his life to the museum, joining the staff in 1876 and retiring in 1926. He was succeeded by A. Everett Austin, Jr., whose tenure of two decades saw the introduction of the varied cultural activities associated with the Avery Memorial—theater, opera,

concerts, films, dance recitals and lectures. The present director is Charles C. Cunningham, who served as a curator in Boston's Museum of Fine Arts before coming to the Atheneum in 1946. Mr. Cunningham's administration has been marked by a succession of remarkable coups in securing notable paintings, so much so that in museum circles today mention of the Atheneum evokes first of all the thought of a spirited acquisition policy.

Outstanding among the acquisitions of the last few years is Rembrandt's *Portrait of a Young Man*. The past year alone, however, has brought a dazzling group of additions. Ludovico Carracci's *The Holy Family*, Salvator Rosa's *La Ricciardi as a Sybil* and Castiglione's *Pastoral Scene* have augmented what was already the foremost baroque collection in the country. A gift from Mrs. N. Clarkson Earl has enriched the galleries with "The Story of Psyche," a set of five tapestries after designs by Raphael, woven in the Gobelins looms at Paris between 1660 and 1670. From nineteenth-century France come Boudin's *Still Life* and Degas's *Before the Curtain Call*. The American collection has received, from Mrs. Walter H. Clark, the *Portrait of Miss Egginton*, America's earliest dated painting (1664). Another American addition is the celebrated *Etretat* of George Inness. And the art of our own century is represented by Maillol's *Pomona* and works by Derain, Archipenko, Franz Kline, Russell Gould Twiggs and Edward John Stevens. Thus the acquisitions of even so brief a span as one year forcibly illustrate the Atheneum's policy—to add significant works to its collections of old masters and at the same time keep pace with the changing developments in art both in this country and abroad.

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BOOKS

Piet Mondrian: Life and Work by Michel Seuphor. Introduction by Georg Schmidt. Harry N. Abrams, Inc. \$17.50.

ONE still gives something of a start, recognizing Mondrian's greatness. There his pictures are, so "empty," so "mechanical," so "inhuman," yet communicating to those who look long and often enough a greatness that is as unmistakable in a single example as across the length and breadth of his *oeuvre*. And with time, the variety and range of that *oeuvre* (leaving aside the earlier, pre-abstract works, which have a value of their own) become increasingly evident. How can so much effect be attributed to so little cause: to a few ruled bands of black paint marking off flat rectangles or triangles of white, red, yellow, blue and gray? The answer—as with all other works of visual art—lies in the looking alone.

That it stimulates us to look is not least among the merits of the book at hand, which is as good in format, design (except for a too uniform use of sans-serif) and manufacture as it is in content and in the quality and interest of its numerous reproductions and illustrations. Mr. Seuphor writes from firsthand knowledge, having been a close friend of Mondrian's for twenty years. But I wish that he had been able to distance himself more critically from his art; that would have given his praise of it more meaning. And I also wish he had not applied the term "intellectual" to it so unconsideredly. He raises his eyebrows at the statement made by a Dutch critic forty years ago that "the art of Mondrian is 'pure feeling,' that he 'does not reason,' that he 'dreams in the abstract.'" But nowhere does Mr. Seuphor himself show clearly what role reasoning played in the creation of Mondrian's pictures. His vocabulary was limited finally to the plumb-line right angle, the primaries of red, blue and yellow, and the "non-colors" of black, white and gray: elements that Mondrian may indeed have arrived at by induction from the artistic success of cubist and even of much pre-cubist painting. But once this vocabulary had been found he proceeded to use it solely on an intuitive basis. Mr. Seuphor quotes Mondrian as telling Charmion von Wiegand that "he did not work with instruments nor through analysis, but by means of intuition and the eye. He tests each picture over a long period by eye: it is a physical adjustment of proportion through training, intuition, and testing." The most calculating and rule-bound of artists can proceed in no other way in the final stages of a work if he is to achieve more than accidental quality. In other words, "intellectual" art can mean only mechanized art, which Mondrian's certainly was not.

For the rest, Mr. Seuphor writes with a personal involvement, an incisiveness and a perceptive sobriety that make an edifying contrast with what we usually get in monographs about modern artists. This is most true of his approach to Mondrian's personality, which he does not assume—as people do with Picasso's—can be explained almost entirely by the fact that its possessor was a genius. At the same time Mr. Seuphor does not claim to be writing the complete or definitive book on his subject. Much research is still needed on the earlier part of Mondrian's life, before he settled in Paris, and

the author hopes that his account will stimulate such research by people in a better position than himself to undertake it.

The book does offer a remarkably complete view of Mondrian's art as such. Not only are there many full-page reproductions, some in color; but a "classified" catalogue with small illustrations in black and white of 441 works, early and late, is appended, and after that a list giving size, medium and location of all known works by the master, which comprise 589 items. And aside from the copious quotations from Mondrian's writings given in the text itself, his dialogue-essay, "Natural Reality and Abstract Reality," written in 1919-20 and originally published in Doesburg's magazine, *De Stijl*, is printed for the first time in a complete English translation. (This was the only thing he had written, Mondrian told Mr. Seuphor years later, that he was still satisfied with.)

It is not altogether a shock to learn that Mondrian was deeply concerned with religion in his youth and belonged for a time, after abandoning his ancestral Calvinism, to the Theosophical Society of Holland. Only after 1916 did religion become translated into art, into neo-plasticism, which meant, to Mondrian, the "spiritualization" of painting. I think his ideas, and especially the vision to which they point of a completely humanized environment, to be of great significance. Nevertheless, I cannot help but feel that they are a misleading introduction to his art. That art is not quite the new revelation that he himself took it for, or that others have taken it for since. When we approach it through Cézanne, Matisse and cubism (whose consequences it drew), it reveals itself as a final, quintessential statement of the basic structural principles of the Western tradition of easel painting. These principles are: 1) the integrity of the picture plane (which the old masters respected in their way as much as the cubists and Mondrian did in theirs); 2) the decisive role in design of the enclosing shape of the picture; 3) the indispensability of value contrasts. Mondrian shows, with an explicitness beyond Cézanne's, that the representation of nature was not the element fundamental to Western tradition; naturalism as such is common to many other civilized traditions, and to several barbaric and savage ones as well. What is unique to Western pictorial art are, over and beyond the logical consequences to which it pushed naturalism, certain decorative, structural and delineatory principles. As far as these are concerned, the impressionists remain more revolutionary than Cézanne, the cubists or Mondrian, appearances to the contrary notwithstanding.

Unlike Mr. Seuphor, I see a falling-off in Mondrian's quality after 1936 (the multiplication of the black bands and their uniform thickening made the picture heavier and static; equivalence began to look too much like symmetry). But the narrowing of value contrasts in such works as *New York City* (1942) and *Broadway Boogie-Woogie* (1942-43), both painted after the artist had come to this country, is perhaps more truly revolutionary, however far from being successful, than anything he had done before. (In the first, the black bands are replaced by red, blue and yellow ones that crisscross instead of intersect; in the second, by little yellow, red,

blue and gray squares and oblongs.) And the picture upon which he was working when death interrupted him in 1944, *Victory Boogie-Woogie*, not only reveals a more conscious sense of the effects to be gained by suppressing value contrasts in one place and emphasizing them in another; it also, even in the unfinished state in which it has been left, marks the beginning of a recovery of quality. The checkerwork of color has a life to it not seen in Mondrian's painting since the early 1930's. Thus his death at the age of seventy-two may have been premature in more than one respect. As Mr. Seuphor says, he was in sight of "new land." A capacity for renewal belonged to the essence of the artist that he was, and that capacity was being demonstrated once again in the last year of his life.

CLEMENT GREENBERG

Art in European Architecture by Paul Damaz. Reinhold. \$12.50.

WITH the imperative voice of a manifesto, this book would have us deplore the general state of modern architecture. Following the lead of "Groupe Espace," an association founded five years ago by the French sculptor André Bloc, Mr. Damaz complains that for the first time in history our century has witnessed a grievous divorce between architecture and the other arts. In Valéry's words, "Painting and sculpture are children who have been abandoned. Their mother, architecture, is dead." The solution comprises a plea to do something about this state of affairs, namely, to attempt a vigorous new collaboration of architects, painters, sculptors in the hope of achieving once again that reintegration of the arts which was ostensibly so effortless and harmonious in the past. The outlook for the future, in fact, may not be so grim. Mr. Damaz offers a wide assortment of photographic evidence to indicate recent European efforts toward just such a synthesis and, as such, he provides us with a companion volume to Eleanor Bittermann's survey of the current American scene, *Art in Modern Architecture*.

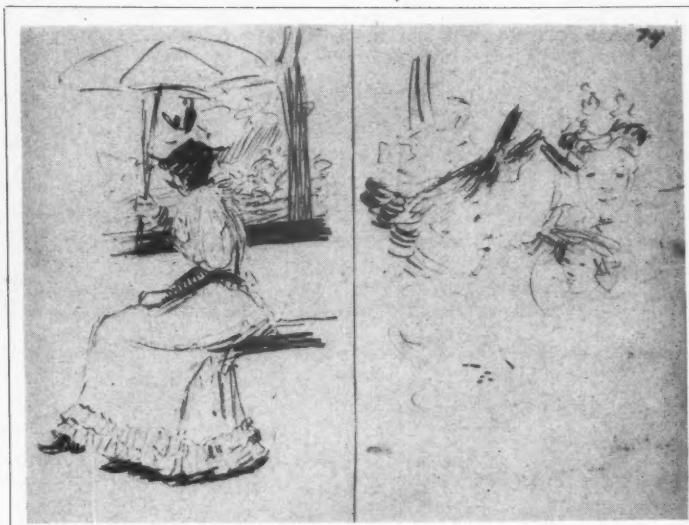
Like most calls for reform, this text makes its points somewhat too often and too bluntly to be persuasive. Indeed, one often feels that Mr. Damaz faces imaginary issues and avoids real ones. He frequently lumps all modern architecture together as being rigidly rational, materialistic and spiritless and, on the whole, thoroughly disinterested in the enrichments provided by the other arts. Yet such criticisms certainly seem *retardataire* in the 1950's, when the past few decades have shown clear and ubiquitous evidence of a *détente* from the puristic severities of the 1920's. The decorative enrichment so desired by Mr. Damaz has been a fact for many years and hardly needs championing. And our recent fascination with Gaudi and the Art Nouveau is another sign of our willingness to enjoy and to learn from the most extreme architectural and decorative fantasies of the *fin de siècle*.

But if Mr. Damaz's attacks on dehumanized, rectilinear architecture hardly seem worth expounding any more, the question of a genuine reintegration of the arts does raise problematic issues. One might contend, for example, that basically the arts of our time have been inter-

continued on page 70

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FROM THE PARIS SKETCH-BOOK, C. 1900, OF MAURICE PRENDERGAST. ON VIEW IN THE BROOKLYN MUSEUM'S JANUARY 22 TO MARCH 17 EXHIBITION. "GOLDEN YEARS OF AMERICAN DRAWING."



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Jackson Pollock, *GUARDIANS OF THE SECRET* (1943); collection San Francisco Museum of Art.

MONTH IN REVIEW

BY HILTON KRAMER

THE Jackson Pollock exhibition at the Museum of Modern Art (December 19-February 3) has presented us with a double spectacle: a moment of history, and at the same time a selection of works from the career of an artist who died last summer at the age of forty-four. It is a matter of some importance that a distinction between the two be maintained, even (or especially) in the face of the prevailing tone of art criticism with its tendency to dissolve all discrete objects and events in a headlong historical continuum, which, by purely rhetorical transformations, is itself made the new fulcrum of artistic meaning. This tendency has nowhere been so quintessentially embodied in overwrought rhetorical sophistries as in Mr. Hunter's brief monograph* on Pollock for the exhibition which he has organized. It is a monograph which claims for Pollock the heroism of history to a degree which is absolute and unequivocal, and which then goes on to claim for this historical heroism an artistic sovereignty equally unqualified and immeasurable. It is a neat trick, and it does not lack for brilliance or verbal audacity. It lacks only the clarity and intellectual candor which should be the first principles of criticism.

Let me quote two examples—by no means the most flagrant—to underscore the point: "The dynamics of the development of Pollock's abstract painting style which was germinating in

the thirties would seem to have sprung from a strong tension of renunciation, as if in the role of the revolutionary he had constantly to remind himself of his spiritual chains in order to spur his progress towards freedom"; and "[Pollock's] first exhibited work looked somewhat like a battlefield after a heated engagement, strewn in this case with the corpses of Picasso, the Surrealists, Miro, Kandinsky perhaps, and fragments of American Indian art." There is nothing to be said about the first sentence except that it is pretentious, but of the second one must insist that there be a simpler way of saying that a painting is a pastiche—no small matter with Pollock, but not in any event a matter of dishonor or embarrassment in an artist's first exhibited work. In Mr. Hunter's commentary every phase of Pollock's career is invoked with the same hyperbolic claims, and treated to the same historical dramatization. Even in the artist's "mature" period, it is the *role* of the picture and not its intrinsic, artistic factuality which commands the writer's high-flown periods.

The logic of this approach is all too clear: When the artist has been recast as a hero of history, his real achievements have equal weight with his most horrendous blunders as episodes in the unfolding spectacle. The singular interest of a particular work is utterly irrelevant. By such means is art thus sold out to history whose contingencies it seeks at its highest moments to modify and transcend.

The issue is a serious one, and not irrelevant to the exhibition at hand. Pollock was involved in history to an extreme degree, a history which is still ours and from which we shall not easily disengage ourselves. But out of his involvement came specific pictures which have, presumably, an interest beyond the sheer fact that he made them. If they have nothing to say to us beyond that, then they are of less than no interest, and all the rhetorical resources of the language will not make them otherwise.

*Jackson Pollock, by Sam Hunter (The Museum of Modern Art, 75¢). For a more expansive view of the author's rhetoric, see also "Jackson Pollock: The Maze and the Minotaur" in *New World Writing IX*.

THE critical problem, then, is not to rehash the drama of history but to ascertain what sort of artistic *oeuvre* Pollock has left us. My own impression of that *oeuvre* is that it is dominated by an anarchic sensibility whose characteristic modes of expression were a vehement and sometimes nullifying pastiche and, for a short period, a decorative style in which the most intractable problems of his painting were given over to design for their solution.

The anarchic and the decorative: these are the primary impulses which make themselves felt in Pollock's work, and whatever pictorial tensions they may claim derive from their confrontation, juxtaposition or displacement in one degree or another. They form, in fact, Pollock's special dialectic—and, incidentally, help to explain why his imitators have generally produced either unspeakable messes or shallow interior decoration, depending on which term of the dialectic they have seized upon. In the early forties, in such works as *Guardians of the Secret*, *The She-Wolf* and *Totem I*, this anarchic impulse vented itself on the stylistic pastiche which Pollock was simultaneously creating and nullifying—creating out of the milieu which Mr. Hunter describes: a milieu in which Picasso, Miró, Mexican painting, Kandinsky, surrealism, but above all Picasso, were available for emulation and as counter-elements to the tepid American abstraction of the thirties; and nullifying by means of surfaces, structures and a progressive derangement of *matière* which disavowed the felicities which Pollock obviously felt were expendable in the art of painting. Yet even in some of these pictures the decorative side of his talent performs important functions in lieu of a more far-reaching structural principle; thus in *Guardians of the Secret* the rectangular forms whose planes denote the picture's shallow spaces give the effect of a house of cards whose walls are furiously stitched together by the desperate "calligraphy" which everywhere attempts to draw these planes into a pictorial coherence. It fails to do so, I believe, and in its place substitutes the action of the stitching itself as the picture's dominant expressive means. The rectangular planes remain inert and lifeless. (If one wants

to count corpses in Pollock's painting, that is a good place to start.) Where the decorative impulse is held in abeyance—as in *Totem I*, for example—Pollock's proclivities as a *pasticheur* have full control, and in this case produce a small anthology of Picassoisms, albeit somewhat ravaged and played off against other elements.

It is in *Shimmering Substance* (1946) that we have a suggestion of that plateau in Pollock's career—roughly, from 1947 to 1950—during which he temporarily purged this tendency for wild anthologizing and transmuted the anarchic impulse into the decorative style which has become his best-known signature. I find *Shimmering Substance* superior to any of the "drip" paintings which follow it; it remains a painting rather than a decorative simulacrum of painting, and it really does bring us a fresh imagery in its swirling, shimmering light. A decade after its execution it still looks very fresh, vigorous and—surprisingly—even-tempered, and one can't say that about many of Pollock's works. And yet . . . all one can feel in its presence is a suggestion of the pleasure the artist must have felt in the physical act of painting, and even that is of short duration and, at best, a vicarious satisfaction, really a secondhand emotion for the spectator. One's initial delight in the picture turns out to be one's whole experience of it. Soon the small arcs and swirls, which are its basic formal motif, begin to reveal a cloying consistency; they do not have the variety of feeling they promise at first sight. Instead of an infinitude of sensation there is ultimately only a closed world of tedium.

At that, however, the strokes by which the work is composed have a felicity which separates them from the continuous, linear skeins of duco, oil and aluminum paint which characterize the work of 1947-1950. In *Shimmering Substance* Pollock's art was poised precariously between the vehemence of his anarchic energy and his penchant for the decorative. It was clearly a painting which "promised" something. (I think it promises something still: an over-all, *painted* imagery which, independently of cubism—though possibly not of impressionism—may yet restore a kind of subtlety, variety and nuance which our

Pollock, *TOTEM I* (1944); collection Mrs. Emily Walker.



Pollock, *SHIMMERING SUBSTANCE* (1946); collection Mrs. Emily Walker.



MONTH IN REVIEW



Pollock, EASTER AND THE TOTEM (1953); collection Janis Gallery.

painting now lacks.) In the face of this promise he chose simply to enlarge the tedium which was already explicit in *Shimmering Substance*, projecting it onto larger and larger canvases until his painting became a kind of architecture for the creation of which he invented a new technique—the famous "drip"—which finally disavowed all connection with the measured unit of feeling which is, after all, the brushstroke's decisive contribution to easel painting.

This "architecture," with its interweaving networks of linear arabesques, is not at all the Dionysian orgy of paint-splattering which people make it out to be. If anything, pictures like *Number 2* (1949) and *Lavender Mist* (1950) are overelegant and precious in the regularity of their effects. But in the "drip" technique Pollock found his perfect instrument: a means which, in execution, would give expression to the athleticism of his sensibility but which in final result would provide that athleticism with a semblance of taste which it lacked as a native gift. In the "drip" paintings the anarchic was, temporarily, domesticated by the decorative.

I have spoken of this period as a plateau in Pollock's career. What followed was an abyss from which he retrieved, in my opinion, only one work of abiding interest: *Easter and the Totem* (1953), a surprising confrontation of the Matissean style which momentarily disarmed the appalling taste which dominates the pictures painted in the last four years of his life. Since Mr. Hunter makes much of Pollock's "lyricism," I am surprised to find that he doesn't mention this picture at all. But then, in claiming that this lyricism is "epic in its sweep"—a remark in which Mr. Hunter reaches, semantically, something comparable to that total freedom he attributes to Pollock's art—he confirms what I suggested in these pages a couple of months ago, that lyricism is now a term invoked to bridge disparities between an artist's feeling and his achievement. By and large, the last gallery in the Pollock exhibition was a dis-

maying experience, revealing an artist driven by aspirations which cruelly outdistanced his talents. But under the aegis of history, I suppose such judgments are unwelcome and dispensable, and it is in the name of history that the official rhetoricians have now claimed him.

SHOWING concurrently with the Pollock exhibition at the museum has been a selection of work by the European painter Balthus Klossowski, organized by James Thrall Soby.* If one goes through this sizable exhibition—even for a third or fourth time—asking, "Why? Why Balthus?" the only available answers have less to do with the art of painting than with the cultural situation in which we now find ourselves. First of all, there is the utter obviousness of the bureaucratic mind which brought these exhibitions together simultaneously—an obviousness which received its full reward in the totally predictable babblings of the newspapers with their irrelevant revival of the abstraction-vs.-realism melodrama. What a setup for every banality in the repertory! And then there is Mr. Soby's personal taste for the marginal, the bizarre and the artistically decadent—a taste which has demonstrated its affinity for Tchelitchev, Bérard, De Chirico, Tanguy and Larry Rivers; in short, for the chic backwaters of modern painting. And yet, in bringing us an exhibition of Balthus just now, the museum (and/or Mr. Soby) has once again demonstrated its gift for sensing the fluctuations of the *Zeitgeist*. There is every reason to believe this artist could have a vogue at a moment when a return to figurative painting, unaccompanied by much fundamental thought about what such a "return" entails (an actual return, of course, is impossible), is widely heralded. Balthus represents in several ways the ideal stimulus for painters who have lost heart with real issues: his technique is accomplished and polished even where it is retrograde; it seems to have the sanction of the Old Masters, which is always a comfort (Mr. Soby mentions Piero della Francesca, Chardin, David, Vermeer, Caravaggio, Corot, Courbet and the Dutch Little Masters); and his modernity is assured by a psychologically portentous subject matter which suits to perfection current literary taste with its cult of adolescence, voyeurism and the obliquely obscene. In a situation which takes Truman Capote as a significant fictionist and Tennessee Williams as the leading exponent of dramatic art, the moment is ripe for Balthus too.

He comes to us with impressive credentials, but they turn out to be more social than artistic. As an adolescent he formed a friendship with Rilke; he seems to know everybody in Paris; he has done portraits of Derain and Miró (portraits which remind me of the wisecrack which used to be circulated about a certain lady novelist: Who needs an enemy when you can have her for a friend?); Eluard has written a poem to him; and Picasso is said to admire him. But if we turn from these social involvements to the painting itself, Balthus seems to be engaged in an art which runs counter to that practiced by the most illustrious of his friends. There are a few pictures—particularly *The Quays* (1929), *Portrait of Jacqueline Matisse* (1951), *The Sleeping Girl* (1954) and *The Coiffure* (1954-55)—in which he demonstrates a talent for invoking Parisian taste; I think they are his best pictures. For the most part, however, Balthus adapts certain mannerisms in modern painting for ends which are anecdotal and academic, which is to say, he divests them of their original expressiveness: the stiffness which in Seurat's figures is always rescued by a painterly vitality; the impressionist effects of light which in Bonnard are provided an apposite felicity of surface as well as a superior formal ambience; the Picassooid faces, particularly of women, which in Picasso himself are seldom so flagrantly domesticated by illustrational purposes. Balthus is not beyond indulging even the latest cant—*vide* the "drip" passages of *Girl in White* (1955).

No, it is not on painterly means or technical accomplishment that Balthus' art depends, but on psychological atmosphere—an atmosphere in which adolescent girls and feline witnesses are glimpsed at moments suggestive of actions just completed

**Balthus*, by James Thrall Soby (The Museum of Modern Art, 75¢).

or about to be initiated, moments of languor, repose or ambiguous expectation. At times this atmosphere is simply one of puerile nastiness. To judge from the photograph—the picture was inexplicably left out of the exhibition at the last minute—*The Room* (1954) takes all prizes in this category, with its huge representation of a female nude reclining on a chaise longue, her head fallen back in sleep (or exhaustion?), her arms slack, her legs open, her entire posture suggesting the complete dissipation of her energies, confronted by the nastiest-looking creature outside the cartoons of Charles Addams, a fully dressed girl furiously pulling open a curtain to expose the utterly spent recumbent figure to the window and the light. Mr. Soby, playing Kazan to Balthus' Williams—who was it said that history repeats itself in the form of comedy?—comments that "light is the picture's fundamental subject."

Balthus' most grandiose efforts, like the huge *Le Passage du Commerce Saint-André* (1954) and *The Mountain* (1937), are more like stage drops than paintings; their light is strictly an interior, theatrical light—a strange disability for outdoor pictures. I understand Balthus has designed stage sets, and perhaps this is his forte. The dramatic mode might animate that psychological tension for which he has so far failed to create a plastic style capable of being judged with the best of modern painting.



Balthus, THE SLEEPING GIRL (1954); collection Claude Hersent.

Balthus, LE PASSAGE DU COMMERCE SAINT-ANDRE (1952-54); collection Claude Hersent.



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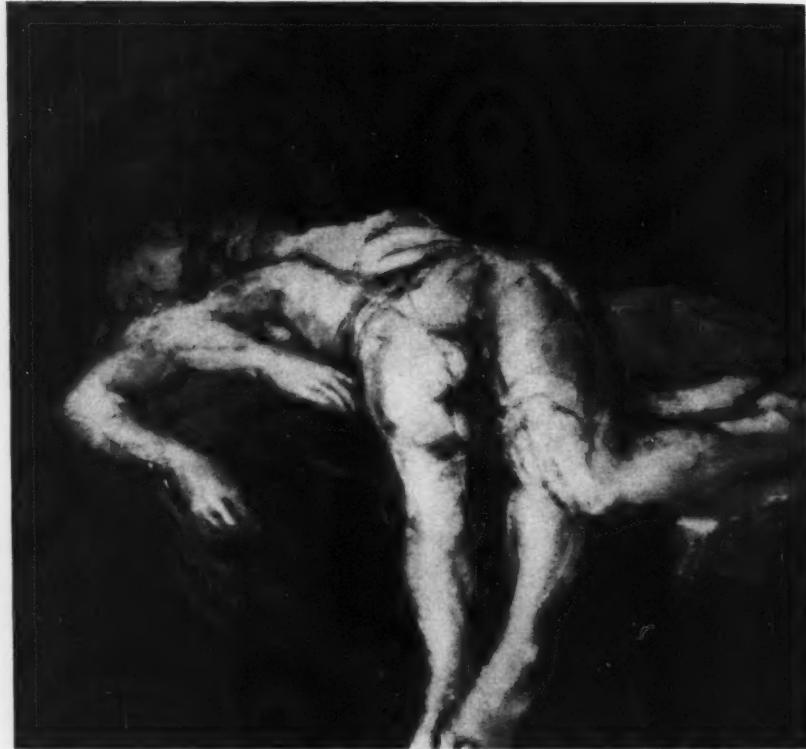
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MARGARET BREUNING Writes:

Walter Stein's new ideology . . . sculpture by Faggi . . . Cadoret's dehumanized but vehement forms . . . the gouache fantasies of Edward John Stevens . . . American folk art at the Downtown . . .



Walter Stein, FIGURE, FIGURE; at the Durlacher Gallery.

RECENT paintings by Walter Stein reveal that he has acquired a new ideology, contrasting with his previous somewhat romantic, fastidious idiom in vigor of assertive expression. His palette, principally muted grays and browns, offset with large areas of blacks and varied greens, seems exactly adapted to express his imaginative conceptions. In all the bold, simplified designs, the figures both of man and beast, and the large forms of foliage, do not seem so much to be placed in an infinity of space as to have created it. And throughout his canvases there is cadenced movement, sometimes arising from a focal center, again spreading with a sweeping motion through the whole painting, as in *Grass*, with its linear pattern against a pale gray background. While there is a suggestion of Degas in *Woman in Bath*, it arises chiefly from the subject, but the series of paintings of horses recall Géricault directly in their amazing grasp of form and intense energy of rhythms. This same technical ability to present convincing form is astonishing in *Man with Cock*, in which the involved, complicated figure of the man is fully integrated into the design, all the tensions ably resolved. Light is an important factor in these canvases, never a brilliant illumination, but an incidence of clear radiance, defining forms and piercing shrouded depths. The unflagging invention of the artist is shown by two contrasting paintings, one the explosive, baroque *Beast Shouting*, the other *Carnations*, deep-blue flowers edging one side of the canvas and falling casually over the paler blue background. (Durlacher, Jan. 29-Feb. 25.)

ALFEO FAGGI's exhibition of sculpture includes a few early pieces in the round, but consists mainly of low reliefs, in plaster

and bronze, of religious subjects which have often been treated but are here given fresh interpretation. The larger plaster groups are executed in bold designs of fluent, plastic forms enhanced by exquisite subtleties in the variations of relief. The poignancy of his Passion themes results not only from the skillful designs, but even more from the impression that an inward spiritual force has molded them. His *Annunciation*, in bronze, departs from the usual representations of the subject in showing Mary standing before the kneeling angel. Both figures are soundly modeled with flowing planes bounded by graceful contours. Yet so delicately are the details of the scene executed that the relief has the appearance of a painting. Especially noted among these reliefs were *Descent from the Cross* and *Resurrection*. Also on view are some of Faggi's brilliant drawings, including a portrait of Toscanini, a striking physical likeness imbued with the aura of his personality. The artist's early discipline of draftsmanship and study of anatomy are evidenced by a number of feminine figures, their execution in colored crayons increasing their sensuous qualities. (Weyhe, Dec. 31-Jan. 23.)

MICHEL CADORET, a Frenchman who has previously exhibited in this country, is now showing a group of paintings which represent his expressed aim to dehumanize and regroup form, matter and color beyond personal will and sensibility. His bold canvases heaped with vivid colors certainly realize his intention to carry them out with no "finality of design," for they are not held into any limiting coherence and suggest that they may well be continuing beyond the bounding frames. The areas of brilliant color, often presenting an audacious juxtaposition of hues,

obtain great vitality through these color relations, as well as through their tactile richness. They frequently suggest some inner compulsion of movement, as in one (they are untitled) wherein free-floating planes appear involved in explosive motion. Tucked away in this mobile theme is the tiny rectangle of a miniature scene, as though in some way representation had forced itself into this non-objective terrain. Another canvas, adroitly combining drippings with heavy forms, becomes markedly decorative. The artist may have eschewed personal will, but his work conveys vehemence of emotional expression. (Chalette, Feb. 7-29.)

An exhibition of gouaches by Edward John Stevens marks his fourteenth showing at the Weyhe Gallery and attests to his full maturity of expression. Stevens is not only an artist but also an inveterate traveler, especially in Eastern countries. Yet he does not present realistic descriptions of either persons or places, but fantasies, exaggerated to emphasize exotic character. The dazzling white city in Morocco, the incredible bird of the mesa, the ornately elegant flamingoes of the Orient are all extravaganzas on their themes. The brilliant and varied color of these paintings enhances their effective designs. And special note must be given to the handsome still lifes in their striking, coherent compositions. (Weyhe, Feb. 2-March 2.)

EARLY American art is taking its place in the sun, not only through the Whitney Museum's large selection of paintings from the M. and M. Karolik Collection, but also through the February showing at the Downtown Gallery, which has always fostered early Americana in its folk-art exhibitions. It was not possible to preview all of the coming exhibition, but the group of paintings by Harnett were worth a visit. These canvases are not carried out in the *trompe-l'oeil* convention usually associated with this artist's work, but are examples of his ability to express a poetic and highly personal vision. The mastery of form in the body of the limp merganser hanging against a dark background, the sensuous beauty of surfaces in his *Fruit Piece* and the contrast of the erubescence of the lobster with the delicate hues of the still life beside it—all illustrate technical skill, and also a fine perception of closely knit values. An interesting exhibit included is Harnett's *Key of Color*, an analysis of the spectrum. In the folk-art group there are striking carvings that once served as figureheads for ships. They reveal the high degree of craftsmanship that the carvers possessed, although they were as anonymous as the sculptors of the Chartres cathedral. A magnificent *Carousel Lion* might well be an Assyrian relic. Outstanding is a fruit piece painted on velvet, its elaborate detail skillfully co-ordinated into rhythmic design. (Downtown, Feb. 5-March 2.)



Michel Cadoret, UNTITLED PAINTING; at Galerie Chalette.

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IN THE GALLERIES

Golden Years of American Drawings: This is an exhibition that impresses one as much by the quality of the work as by the breadth of its selection. Covering a little more than half a century of drawing by American artists, it ranges through the various drawing media: the random sketch, the drawing incidental to painting, the drawing considered as an end in itself. And with fine examples. Among the earlier works there is the charm of Maurice Prendergast's small Paris sketchbook (c. 1900), full of rapid, sometimes barely discernible, notations—with a line that is soft, yet incisive, that describes the graceful curve of a woman's neck, and then broadens into flat strokes to suggest the upswept mass of her hair. Or there is Mahonri Young's Parisian sketchbook (1923) with its admirable pages devoted to studies of animals, particularly horses, full of wonderfully realized volume and movement. Shinn, Glackens and Sloan are well represented, Glackens especially by his pencil sketch, *Strolling in Washington Square*, and there are equally good pieces by Hartley, Pascin, Maurer, Emil Ganso and Gorky.

The more recent artists, though less extensively represented individually, form the bulk of the exhibition, giving a broad picture of the current variety of styles ranging from Stephen Greene's realistic sketch of *Two Boys* to Misch Kohn's boldly stroked construction, *Cathedral in Line*, and De Kooning's calligraphic oil on paper, *Black and White Abstraction*. It is this segment of the exhibition, with its quality of freshness, that makes one wonder about the dark feeling one would get from a similarly representative selection of oils. There is a certain amount of strain associated with the act of painting—aside from the legitimate demands of painting as a major statement by the artist—which seems to be due to social pressures. The sense of freedom which this current exhibition of drawings exemplifies may not be due to the medium alone. (Brooklyn Museum, Jan. 22-March 17.)—J.R.M.

The Baroque Vision: Although this is an exhibition of lesser Italian and Dutch masters working in the baroque tradition, it has bright moments. Jacopo Vignali's *Hagar and the Angel* is an affair of ripe flesh tints and sumptuous

reds and browns, and Sebastiano Ricci's oil sketch for *The Assumption*, with its arabesque clouds and soaring figures, is a fine, if slight, study. There are works by Piazzetta, Fetti, Rombouts and Gerrit Horst, and the exhibition concludes with a small study of a Rubens painting from the hand of Delacroix. One of the more engaging pieces is Gaspare Traversi's incisive little anecdote, *The Seduction*, with its wry personifications of obviously stock *commedia dell'arte* figures—the lecherous suitor feigning ecstasy, the hag of a duenna gesturing her encouragement, the somewhat shopworn maiden turning in the midst of the proceedings to give the viewer a much too knowing look. It is a vivaciously painted work and a thoroughly ugly piece of observation. (French and Company, Feb. 5-March 9.)—J.R.M.

Drawings Recently Acquired: Within the past two years the Museum of Modern Art drawing collection has been richly augmented by gifts and purchases, ranging from early-twentieth-century works to selections from the recent "Drawing U.S.A." show. The earlier works are unfailingly fine; if the selection falters in the contemporary works, it is a faltering common to us all. Private failures of judgment, however, are generally a matter of particular taste; a museum's failure reflects those inherent in our contemporary public relations and art economics. How else account for the inclusion of two portrait drawings by Larry Rivers, persistent in their pursuit of the banal, or for a Ben Shahn caricature of a man leaning on one elbow, casting a baleful eye to the lower right to examine, perhaps, the focus of the TV set? And there are others of this ilk—a Russian's ink drawing that uses the black and white "color" typical of Matisse to illustrate a babushka-wrapped, chubby-cheeked peasant girl; a William Brice portrait that won't quite sit down. Yet, the riches remain in good proportion. Among them is Klee's 1928 *Magicians in Dispute*, two pencil-scribbled figures on a large white paper, the more powerful magician dominating the dispute with his holey black eyes. Klee's drawing illustrates as much as any other the standards that one would expect to be observed in judging a drawing as such: it is an idea complete, not a study for another

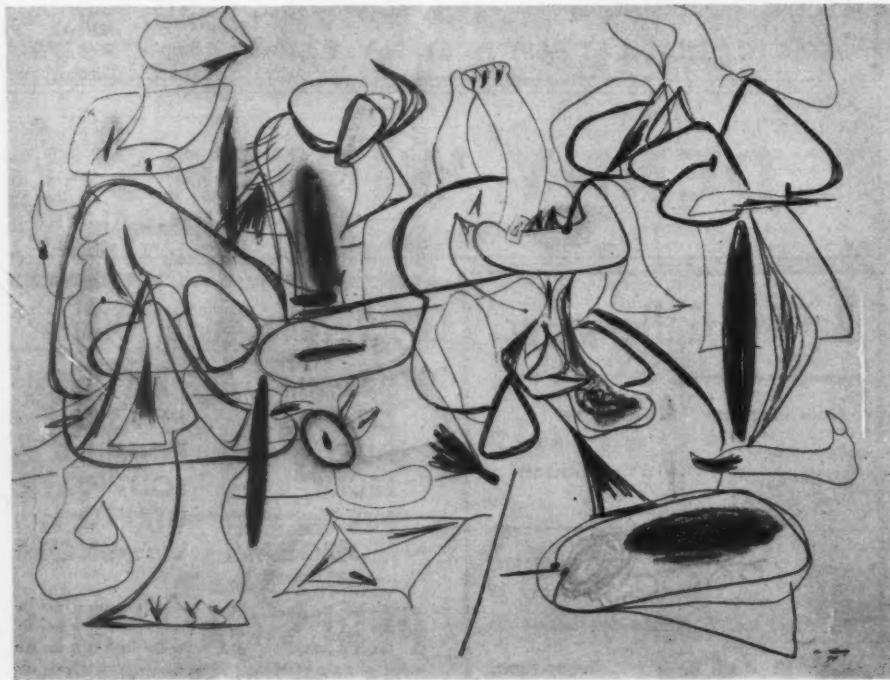
work; its explorations reach a goal with the quick ease available to a mind-directed pencil.

The little-known Austrian, Gustav Klimt (1862-1918), is represented by a red pencil drawing that can stand with Klee's. The large *Woman with Scarf* makes a monument of the simple shape of a muffled figure, topped by a beakish nose and piercing eye in profile. Erich Heckel uses crayon in an almost liquid way in his *Listening*, a powerful, hunched head and shoulders. Among the recent works, Vincent Longo's *Drawing*, 1954, is truly outstanding, a richly worked pen-and-ink in which blooming shapes move upward toward the light, trailing memories of dark depths behind them. Among the other highly notable works are a 1913 Brancusi *Child*, two fine Kokoschka's, an early Eilshemius, and two striking figures by the young Mexican expressionist Cuevas. (Museum of Modern Art, Jan. 30-Feb. 24.)—A.V.

Vincent Price Selection: Since Vincent Price's appearance on the \$64,000 Challenge, challenged by the cultural *savoir faire* of Edward G. Robinson, a certain amount of excitement has been stirred up. Lowbrows are known to have written in asking if it was really all right for anyone to go into a gallery, for anyone to buy and own a work of art. This in itself suggested to some journalists that a renaissance might be approaching. However unlikely it is that the number of patrons who purchase works of art has been substantially increased by one of TV's top quiz and give-away shows—think of how the average annual income of artists would increase if one per cent of that audience bought one painting a year—nevertheless the American public may in time accept painting and opera as fields of knowledge only slightly less reputable than baseball and jazz.

Vincent Price's selection of paintings and drawings by living Americans—if any of the works are from his own collection they are lent anonymously—is a happy event. His sensibility is modern though he seems to have avoided all extremes. Haphazardly, what seems to appeal to him is fine drawing, delicate coloring, the slightly and gayly grotesque, figures (but not portraits). Most of these paintings have been exhibited before in New York, and it is a pleasure to see them again. Among the twenty-one selections are abstractions by Mullican, Morris and Motherwell (collage); figures by Hyman Blum, Reginald Pollock (*Nude at Table*, see *Arts Digest*, March, 1955), Howard Warshaw and

Arshile Gorky, STUDY FOR THEY WILL TAKE MY ISLAND (1944); lent by Parsons Gallery; at the Brooklyn Museum.



Erich Heckel, LISTENING (1913); at the Museum of Modern Art.



James McGarrell; an exceptionally fine *Weeping Magdalene* (pen and wash) by Rico Lebrun; Diebenkorn's impressive oil, *Woman at Coffee Table*; *Woman IV* by De Kooning; one of Kriesberg's humorously distorted boy, dog and bird series; a fine watercolor, *Anger*, by Ben Shahn; and works by Stamos, Tobey, Glasco, Kienbusch, Emerson Woellffer, Raymond Han, William Brice, John Paul Jones and Varujan Boghosian. (Alan, Jan. 21-Feb. 9.)—E.P.

Tomás Harris: The range of media in this exhibition is extensive, covering oils, transparencies, illuminated lithographs, tapestries, stained glass and ceramics. In the paintings and allied works, Harris' talent seems to run singularly to drawing. He has a facile, quick, agitated line, and a perceptive sense of composition, but the painting itself remains secondary; much of the work has a look of drawings that are "colored in." The more successful appearance of the tapestries and the ceramics seems due to an insistence upon itself which the medium, in each case, makes. (Knoedler, Feb. 4-23.)—J.R.M.

Peter Lanyon: Lanyon's work, primarily abstract renderings of landscape experience, is extremely fine. The subtlety, complexity and depth of the feelings he conveys are such that no description of color or composition can approach them. If you can imagine trying to describe at once a whole summer's visual and visually sensory experience—not one sunset, but a hundred; not one landscape on one day, but the same landscape on ninety days and at many different hours—then you will have some sense of the volume of experience which Lanyon compresses by abstraction into one painting. The qualities of that experience, or rather, the elements that go into it, are admirably described by Patrick Heron in an article on Lanyon in ARTS, February, 1956. Lanyon is a Cornishman, and in Cornwall, writes Heron, "radiant, pale cerulean blues permeate everything, penetrate anywhere," while "the whitish sea-light somehow renders the heavy, hot, dark greens of the frequent evergreen bushes and hedges, or the emerald of grass, darker still and greener . . . it is the viridian of grass; the pale cerulean of the ubiquitous granite rocks, the granite cottages, harbor walls and cliffs, the endless oceanic blues, harsh Prussian, soft cobalt, indigo or sunny, warm ultramarine: these are the colors which vibrate most constantly against one's retina at St. Ives." Heron also takes up Lanyon's method

of construction, or spatial organization, and the influence which Naum Gabo had upon him. But to emphasize the latter is to give a false impression: the feeling of a landscape will not be found in a geologist's notebook no matter how accurately it diagrams the veins of rock running through it. These sixteen oils painted between 1952 and 1956 should establish Lanyon's reputation in this country. His originality lies in a creatively felt and experienced unity: a unity which combines the objective presence of a landscape with the subjective experience of a beholder in paintings that enlarge one's sense of the potentialities of abstract-expressionist techniques. (Viviano, Jan. 21-Feb. 9.)—E.P.

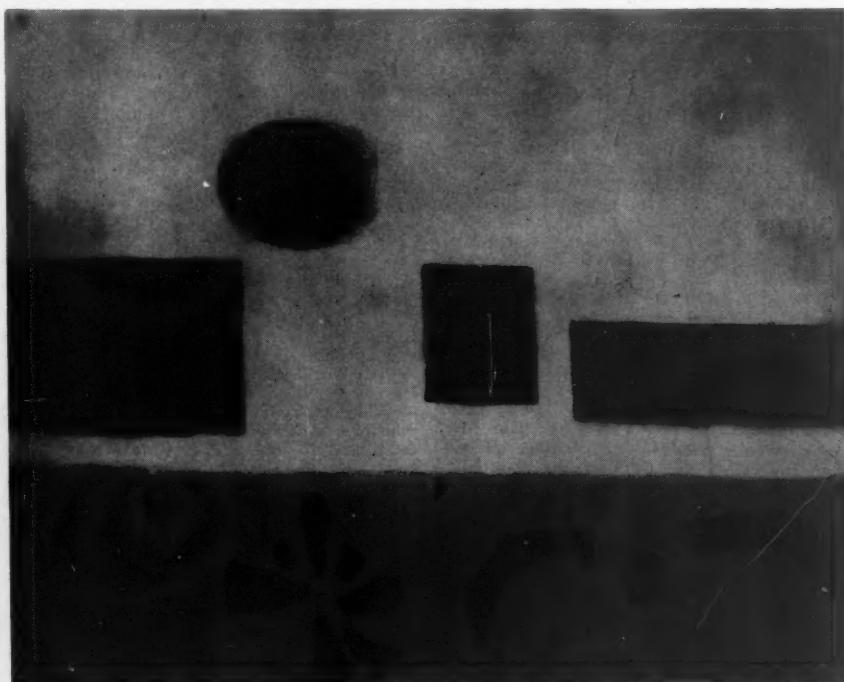
Adolph Gottlieb: Apart from their size—the largest canvas is sixteen feet wide—these works are impressive by their forthright design. A few simple elements, as in *Black Sun*, compose them; a strip of rich blue-green, with broken petal shapes in black, propounds the division of earth from a whitened sky in which are set one black and two red squares and, dominating them, the black oval of the sun. The elements of *Descending Arrow* are simpler still: a vast expanse of orange-brown, a thin strip of gray-white at top; at the horizon, a black ideogram, and almost directly below it, an arrow pointing to the bottom of the canvas. Other paintings indicate a somewhat more complex order of things; the recurring cloud- and sun-shape forms in *Groundscape* hover over a strip of tangled white, black and yellow strokes, a mass of growing life that lies below the barely troubled horizon. The largest work, *Unstill Life #3*, is a huge Mercator-like projection of a table spread against a white ground. The piece is something of a tour de force, sustained with a great many varied effects, underpainting, slashes of color, vector symbols and unidentifiable markings; there is something about it which lies close to being a huge pun on the conventional *nature morte*. One's mental reservations about Gottlieb's work, however, seem to stem directly from his effectiveness; basically simple or even complex ideas and intuitions are so readily converted into striking design. (Martha Jackson, Jan. 29-Feb. 23.)—J.R.M.

Aspects of Modern American Painting: Representing American painters of what may be termed the post-Armory development, this show is about equal in biographical and intrinsic interest. From the evidence of two 1919 landscape oils (one with a purple tree), thick, rhythmic

and noisy, Stuart Davis once wanted to be Van Gogh. Stanton MacDonald-Wright, however, wanted to be Stanton MacDonald-Wright, and it is not impossible to perceive the consistency in his debonair still life (c. 1920). The weird Eilshemius is represented by curious little Kafka-landscapes, most of them on cardboard, *Hondius* by his large clowns and a triptych, and Marin with two fussy landscapes of 1915. An Alfred Maurer, *Madame X*, was forthcoming; the reviewer saw it in photograph only, and it looked handsome. Sprinckorn's finest painting of four is a bleak lower-Manhattan street under a snowdrift, painted with strong impressionism in slaty tones and gusty strokes. But the two oils that speak with uncompromising virility for the American investiture of traditional motifs are Maurice Sterne's *Arrival*, a foamy waterfront composition braced by the twin curves of a boat's prow and the backward-jutting piers; and Arthur B. Carles' *Still Life—Iris*, with something of the same spirit, as unlikely as this may seem: the iris blades which define the picture's vertical integration are as keenly scooped as a yacht's gunwales, but they're rooted in a chalice of light which tones up the somber Venetian shadows. (Graham, Feb. 14-28.)—V.Y.

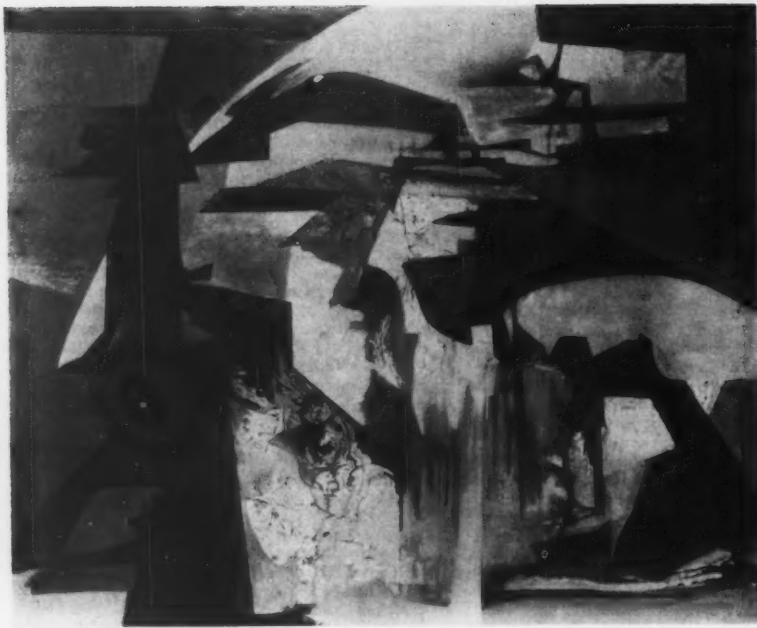
Denny Winters: The interpretation of nature as a quintessence of unaccommodating forms moving with dangerous velocity, anticipating in its neutral beauty of process the human disaster, is a consequence—and for the artist an opportunity—of modern scientific apprehensions. Denny Winters transmutes the apprehensions in a group of paintings, variously formal, prophetic, volatile, or furiously in motion. She engineers a flight of sinister steel-black rudders, guided by a slender rainbow, through a falling hail of tonalities; exposes a gorgeous rusty branching of structures holding cups of transparency as if the mist had just risen from an imaginary beach. Her modulations from the magnetic center are always actively blended; in *Wings of the Morning*, a wheel of birds is the summit of an ascension composed from cloud-feathers, seepages of toned white and intense grays, and a strong underpinning of Prussian blue and Indian red. *Seaward Bastion* and *Geologic Record* empower her restlessness with strong allusive divisions at the frontal plane of the picture. Judging by the one older example made available to the reviewer, the artist has in the last five years so cherished and deepened her analysis of forms that she has achieved an unarguably

Adolph Gottlieb, BLACK SUN (1952-56); at the Jackson Gallery.

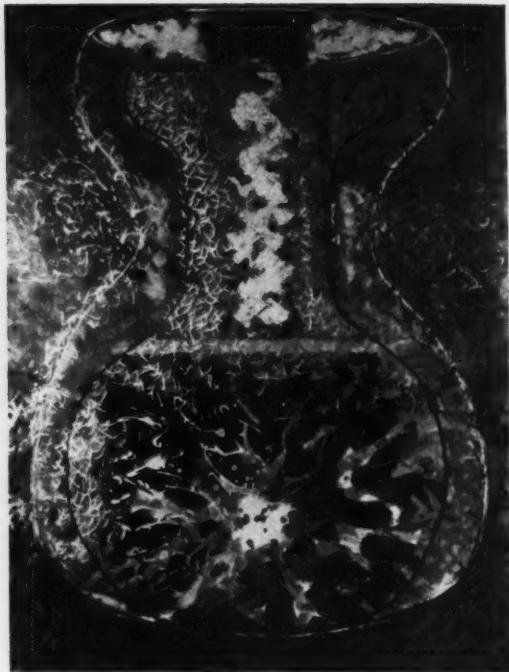


Arthur B. Carles, Jr., STILL LIFE—IRIS; at James Graham & Sons.





Jan Gelb, DAYSPRING, MIST; at the White Gallery.



John Ferren, RED VASE; at the Stable Gallery.

distinct style which—and isn't this the meaning of style?—while it refers to the singular personality, acquires coherence from a continuity which is transpersonal. The continuity in Denny Winters' art was researched along the American vein to German expressionism. Her resistance to the extremity of romantic flight by a resolution of form experienced on her own shores may explain the toughness at the heart of her abstraction. (Rehn, Jan. 28-Feb. 16.)—V.Y.

Picasso Sculpture: There is little question of Picasso's inventiveness over the years, and this exhibition of his sculpture from 1899 to 1953 should come as no surprise. A number of the pieces are early works, like the *Harlequin* (1905) or the cubist *Head of a Woman* (1910), by now familiar to most viewers, and obviously included to round out the survey of his art. The most striking group, however, may well be the collection of his later works, the series of animals and birds beginning with the bronze *Owl* of 1950 and concluding with the terra-cotta *Pigeon* of 1953, as well as the two still-life pieces of the same year, the beautifully realized *Bouquet* in bronze, and the painted bronze, *Jug and Figs*. In the animal pieces, particularly, there are continuous examples of Picasso's ability for making witty allusions, the baboon's head made from a toy car, the owl's talons constructed from bolts and screws. An especially fine piece is the painted bronze, *La Grue*, the tall, awkward figure of the bird shaped from various "found objects," its claws made from the spread tines of a fork, its head consisting of a plumber's joint, with the turnkey serving as its comb. (Fine Arts Associates, Jan. 15-Feb. 9.)—J.R.M.

Jan Gelb: On every powerfully designed canvas, transparent planes and obliquely angled forms, often as massive to the sense as blocks of a glacier, fracture and drift, yet maintain their integrity within the painting. In spirit—i.e., tonally—there is, in Miss Gelb's art, more than a plastic reverberation of the ice-splintered accents of old Norse sagas. From another approach, her subject might be described as a geological intuition metaphysically felt and plastically expressed—a dramatization of the force known to physical scientists as isostatic equilibrium, the sustaining of balance by equal pressures. The reference is usually to the earth's crust, but it serves as no other adequately can to suggest the strife and the recovery in these paintings—but not their sudden deep spaces and vibrations of hue or their shifting textures: now like pitted marble, again like chipped granite, or even leaf-smooth like

decorative end papers. *Of Flame and the Rock* is one of the most vehement: restlessness and eternity in a broken flow of reciprocating verticals. *Bouquet of Sunset* is more virile than it sounds, warm red matrix within dark scooping shapes like steel petals, split by pale refractions. *Flight into Morning*, predominantly expansive and restful, hints at distant towers below the bleeding planes of "sky." Miss Gelb's drawings, *Landscape to Music* and *Crystal Caverns*, have as complex a magnitude without the seduction of color, and not the least of her entries is a gouache, *Evening Star*, in which flat and pebbled surfaces of cool green, gray and blue are comprised within the jagged black spread of what might be a swastika in process of dispersal: at the absolutely right focal point gleams a single orange triangle. To this viewer, any of the above-described is equal, and most of them superior, to *Driftwood*, chosen for the Whitney Annual. Only in *Winds of Tomorrow* is there any arguable looseness of conception, the metaphysic back-lighted, rather than latent within the form. (Ruth White, Feb. 5-March 2.)—V.Y.

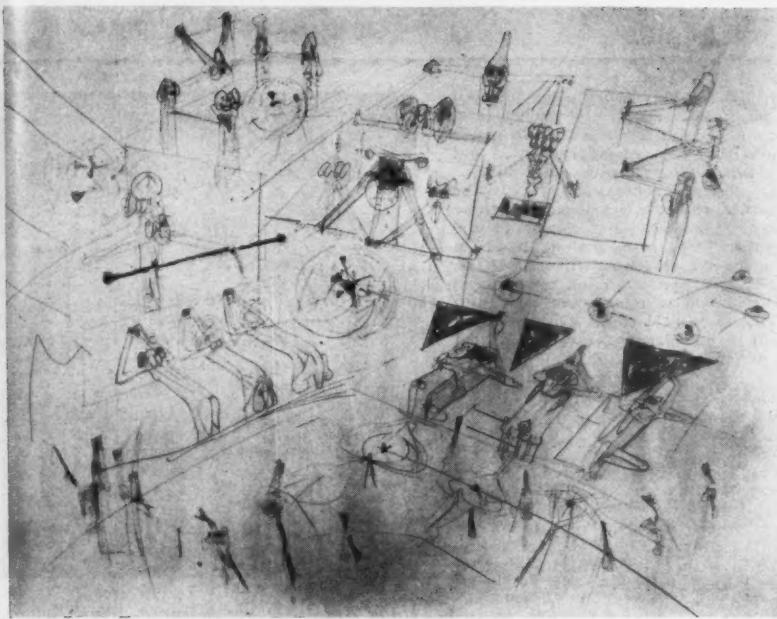
John Ferren: Think of the central in art, that is, the perfectly symmetrical centralized composition—where does it occur? Barring Byzantine-derived Romanesque examples, Byzantium is really the first stop, working backwards; thence it is necessary to go eastward or jump back to archaic Greek sculpture and on into primitive art. Which is by way of saying that one scarcely realizes how addicted to asymmetry and *contrapposto* we are until confronted with a radical departure such as John Ferren offers in his new work, a series of large canvases all of which are based on total centrality or on equilibrium through duplication. It is an absorbing problem which he has set himself and one in which there are numerous philosophical and psychological implications; to establish harmony and tension, not through a system of checks and balances, but by working outward from a core which is integral, a central source whose emanations infect the surrounding areas. Generally the essential form is a carafe or vaselike container within which an energy is generated, flowing outward to mingle with the external currents. A complex space is effected not only through lines and color planes, but through the use of metal paint with a materiality and reflective power which establish a surface behind which other areas recede.

It sounds as if this might be merely an intellectualized art, but actually it is a burst of glorious color and glittering gold and silver which

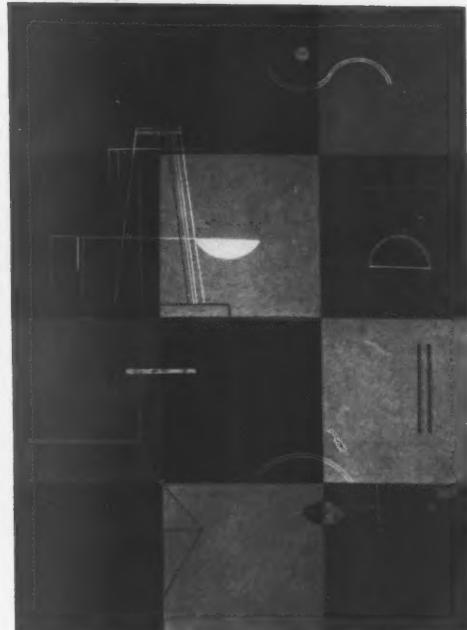
cannot fail to dazzle and delight the eye or to have a strong sensuous appeal. There is a kinship with Byzantine art in the decorative shimmering surfaces and with the repetitive continuity of Persian art in the patterning of bright colors interlaced with gold. This is a bold and provocative show which contains the germ of an important idea, and it's also a handsome sight to see. (Stable, Feb. 11-March 2.)—M.S.

Barbara Hepworth: This current exhibition has toured nine museums in Canada and the U.S. during the past year. It consists of sculpture, paintings and drawings executed between 1937 and 1954, and also includes five new bronzes completed within the past year. As a sculptor Miss Hepworth represents a form of extreme purism, the abstract shapes existing as a controlled mass which the artist manipulates by paring the surface or carving the material with an eye to idealizations of its natural contours. Her preoccupations over the past twenty years have been with light, with space, and with the integral "oneness" that a form possesses. In this sense, she accents the whole form, its quality of undividedness, even though surfaces are contrasted with light and dark movements, and planes are embellished as separate gliding faces. The limitation in her approach is one of stasis, particularly apparent in a work like *People Waiting* where rigid spheres and vertical columns are mounted in relationship to each other upon a flat rectangular base. At her best though, in single, pure forms (as *Elegy*, and *Tides*), the delicate, geometric logic of her sculpture resolves in a fluid movement between vitality and grace. (Jackson, Dec. 19-Jan. 26.)—G.L.

Hedda Sterne: The metropolis idealism that animated the surge of American art and poetry in post-World-War-I days of Joseph Stella and Hart Crane is revived, with a difference, in the paintings of Hedda Sterne, the difference being that these are inhospitable alike to photographic detail and to impeded rhetoric. Though very large, they are not Wagnerian; their scale is coordinate with their statement and the statement is poetic, heroically poetic; they enframe powerfully structured visions of space, derived from the twin American portents—onrush and up-thrust. To identify the forms—sometimes celestial, sometimes brutal, always impellent—as deductions from a bridge, a skeletal building, a turnpike clover leaf or the lens of a beacon, is to open the stops. The music begins at the surface and sounds deeply into the cavities of the forms, returning with magnificent sonorities, like



Matta, PERSONNALITE PASSAGERE (1955); at the Moskin Gallery.



Kandinsky, K428 (1931); at the Kleemann Galleries.

voices from distant organ lofts. The single painting is usually keyed to a dominant tonal center, a ramp, girder or bastion of color, nakedly frontal. (A black-and-reverberant-gold construction with distant blue-grays was nearing completion when previewed—a giant harp, foreshortened.) As if from a great height you look down on and through the articulations or, by a shift of optical concentration, return the painting to its vertical position. Like the historical moment which has induced the overriding of the near-at-hand by the man-made cosmic and thereby banished the graces, so in these paintings the satisfaction of intermediate textures has been sacrificed for an impersonal grandeur, a sculpturing of the void with color and line. Hedda Sterne calls these paintings *Roads*. (Parsons, Feb. 18-March 9.)—V.Y.

Matta: Any fear that the deep-space-scapes of Matta might congeal meretriciously will be qualified by these drawings, many in crayon, which indicate how unquenchably restless the artist has been since 1937 when he introduced himself by way of surrealist sanction and a personal taste for *horror vacui*. In his beginning work, a vocabulary resembling Miró's was prevalent—kites, bones, arrows and stars. The "robes" flowing from the untitled monster, 1937, have the silky quality of his later painting, but the vision reminds one of that Yeats' beast which somewhere "slouches toward Bethlehem to be born." Spontaneity was Matta's from the outset, and progressively his crayon worked up those glowing nodules with which we are familiar in his oils. *Les Nerfs volants* depicts a slithering advance of nameless forms (synapses?) in the harsh colors of Picasso's screaming woman, across a wavy-penciled plain with ensnaring webs, auroras and shredded volcanoes, an Andes of the mind. 1938 brought an intricate linear sequence of pods in cross section, containing interior distance. When space entered his drawings, it was comfortless. The seed cases and fibers of *Untitled Drawing* (1940), gently crayoned with ash-gray and veined blue, gave way to cosmic landing fields and aeroforms. *Polygamy of Space* (1942) is a ruthless insight, order imposing disorder: rigorously arranged air machines, a headless body with child, aerially floating spars, wood-grain swirls and dotted directional lines. Since then, Matta has broken through, if the figure is at all appropriate, to a more explicit satire of the human condition, wherein soulless individuals and/or groups exist within space dividers and tense their stretched arms in gestures of paralyzed desperation. *The Trial* (1952) is his master drawing in this genre. The total com-

ment of these drawings is both sad and morbid. Clearly Matta started in thin air and has found no earth to get back to. (Moskin, Jan. 15-Feb. 9.)—V.Y.

Antoinette Schulte: In her first New York show since 1942, Miss Schulte, who resides in Paris, offers a collection of still lifes of flowers, fruits and shellfish which are innately French in the appreciation of the subject, the love of the blossom's hue, of the fruit's firm contours, as well as in the restraint of the rendering. The artist has a particular gift for foliage, whether it be a single leaf or a dense forest, as one may observe in *The Climbing Vine* or in *The Hunting Lodge*, a delightful study of a storybook Victorian pink house dwarfed by the towering trees of a country estate. A highlight of the show is *The Blue Shawl*, with its tranquility and aura of sunshine, and a sketch of Segonzac sketching provides a note of special interest. (Wildenstein, Jan. 29-Feb. 9.)—M.S.

Jean Fautrier: Fautrier's work seems rather hollow, small, limited, for all its textural precision—and the admiration of some of the French critics. He produces a tiny wave of paint centered in a small space, reflecting highlights from its gleaming ridges and troughs; thick paint worked into a textural relief, the plastic white heavy under some surface coloring. The thirty-odd oils (most of them very small) fall roughly into three groups: those that are purely textural such as *Seaweed*, *Grand Canal*, *Frozen Lakes*; those with an object defined by paint ridges or paint breaks (cuts) such as *The Big Tin Box*, or *Spool*; and those having a face shape, white, with graphic strokes blurring their features as if someone had crossed them out of the roll call of the living, such as *Hostage*, *Wa da da*, *Baby Mine*. Mr. Fautrier's whites run to ice blues and greens; to yellow ochers; even to chalk. But whatever the form or lack of form, the color or lack of color, his sensibility remains primarily a tactile one. (Janis, Feb. 4-March 2)—E.P.

Kandinsky: This remarkably extensive show is an esthetic biography, in outline, of one of the most influential modern artists. The principal vein of his present influence, the free-form period, is not in evidence, since those canvases are virtually unavailable. But what preceded and followed should serve to revise current estimates of the first revolutionary interlude: amorphous spontaneity was repudiated by stasis. A gouache (1904) depicts a procession quite suitable for a

period tapestry. A landscape in oil of 1906 is fauvist, intensely romantic, with billowing, firm-textured forms and somewhat dreamy color. *Summer* and *Fall*, painted near Murnau, 1908, are moodily generalized landscapes, soft to the verge of the sentimental. From these, leaping the non-objective explosion heard round the world (allegedly inspired by designs on Russian peasant costumes), one is confronted with that twenty-year inquest of form whereby Kandinsky sought to transfigure his inherent romanticism and intellectualized mysticism by a symbolist method of equivalents, rearranging formal fragments on a flat surface, fabulously precise and various, with an almost numbing mastery of judicious color. Throughout the chronology one observes the persistent recovery from every lapse into superimposition or interbinding of forms: the pure painting is one in which the aggregate circles, arcs, rhomboids and spherical triangles maintain their separate autonomies, like the monads of Leibnitz. Whether compensation for or consequence of the 1912 gestation, the ensuing Kandinsky *oeuvre* is a dedicated achievement, ultimately decorative and frigid, despite the proclamations of his theory. Consider the spatial perfection of *K428* (1931, gouache), *K505* (1933, watercolor) and *K694* (1941, gouache). They testify less demonstrably to the painter's credo—in *Concerning the Spiritual in Art* "That is beautiful which is produced by internal necessity, which springs from the soul"—than to the hypothesis "Euclid alone hath looked on beauty bare." (Kleemann, Jan. 5-Feb. 2.)—V.Y.

Villon: Prints and Drawings: The crosshatched modeling of Jacques Villon's dry points, such as *Renée de trois quarts* or *Portrait de jeune fille*, is definitive for a single brilliant phase of his work in graphics, and the twisted torso of his 1909 *Standing Nude* (an etching) has eloquence of another kind. Villon's quality as a painter—he called himself the impressionist of cubism—so often a neuter prettification, is counter-strengthened by his versatile draftsmanship, admirably indicated in this rich exhibition of lithographs, etchings, dry points and aquatints, from his pre-cubist years to 1951. (Deitsch, Feb. 11-March 2.)—V.Y.

Ruth Levin: As might have been hoped but not necessarily expected, an artist conditioned to painting the Israeli landscape would have a flair for interpreting the not dissimilar region of the U.S. Southwest where, also, the earth forms are architectural and the architecture is earth-formed. Miss Levin's pen and wash characterizations of

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IN THE GALLERIES

Mesa Verde, of Taos Pueblo (?), of an unspecified *Street in the Sun* and a cliff-pueblo ruin, re-enact the spirited yet selective style in which she has painted the terraced cities of Safed and Haifa; if anything, they are even more alive to the essentials of form, conveying not only the cubistic structural rhythms but also an overtone of that impalpable warm recklessness of the plateau country which, in prose alone, has been adequately conveyed (Mary Austin and D. H. Lawrence). *Western Sunset*, oil on masonite, is an unsettling version of solar intensity; *Death in the Afternoon* is as violent, executed in a ghoulish tonality of blanched green, activated by vortices of land which imply hallucination. *Biography* (1 and 2), *Angel* and *Waiting for Godot*—oil and ink—reveal another aspect of her expressionism, interiors seemingly decorated by Mary Petty, shaken to their passé foundations by brilliance of line and color. The forceful mode is not the artist's sole resource, for *Harper's Ferry*, pen and ink, is a quiet monument of piled-up desertion, and in *The Duenna*, with a simple probity of line, she counterpoises a profile of disapproval to a full-face of yearning. Ruth Levin is in touch with vital sources. (Herzl Institute, Dec. 20-Jan. 10.)—V.Y.



Hans Hofmann, *FORTISSIMO*; at Kootz Gallery.

and created, as in the poster of 1926 urging mothers to give their "Überfluss," a single embracing form of intense linear eloquence, containing in this case four figures (two women, one a profiled indication, and two babies) within its concentric interflow. (New Art Center, Feb. 5-23.)—V.Y.

A. A. Shikler: It was likely, if not inevitable, since painters driven before a tendency have painted themselves out of the frame, that they would have to paint themselves in again, at some less recent beginning. Shikler believes that the qualitative lessons of realism have been lost to his generation—not just lost sight of but unlearned. With more courage than it takes to splatter a neuter "expression" on a twenty-foot canvas, he has returned to the milieu of Sickert or Sargent, as astonishingly alien to anything now plastically going on as can be conceived; from there he intends renewal in terms of craft. He uses canvases of moderate easel-size and smaller ones, down to hand-size, on which he paints studies. His present concern is the characterization of New York antique dealers, supported and typified by the objects of their transactions, posed in shadowy interiors penetrated by champagne light which bestows a Magian quality on drapes, brown plush, the glass and wood of old cabinets, a crystal chandelier. George Basso (an Italian who looks like King Alfonso), with an emaciated profile and gaunt hands, is Shikler's most rewarding model. In *George Basso at the Organ*, for which he painted a smaller sketch, a warm antique suffusion of brown and crimson steals around the margins of the gold that bathes a screen and tempers the angularity of the player. (Davis, Feb. 7-March 2.)—V.Y.

Max Beckmann: This retrospective exhibition of drawings and watercolors, 1926-1949, its largest representation from the forties, has the air of a survival. Almost invariably, some expert period "gimmick" of technique or subject vitiates sincerity—a self-conscious incongruity of content, a decorative stunt, a prodigious (and not always convincing) exercise in foreshortening, an overstatement of lewdness. When Beckmann forsook his sophistication for the more direct rendering, in such watercolors as *Lumbercamp* (1934), he exposed an underlying slackness of perception. The standard to which he should be referred is cleanly evident in the 1941 watercolor-and-drawing, *Oriental*, and in the clever but nonetheless memorable contiguity of an empty profile and a fully executed face, *Italian Women*, a drawing of 1945. (Viviano, Jan. 2-19.)—V.Y.

Jane Crawford: This show is dominated by one idiom. Crawford's large abstractions have jaggedly linear maplike forms (continents, necks, isthmuses) surrounded by areas (shifting oceans) of color changes. Her palette is extremely

effective and accounts for the fact that her works, despite their conceptual similarity, vary a great deal in emotional impact. Sometimes her colors are soft, diffuse and luminous, as in *Orange* with its many beautiful and subtle transformations; as in *Chrome Yellows*, where the feeling conveyed is more billowing and cloud-like; as in *Big Pink*, where the pink is seepage and a suffusion. Sometimes her colors are darker and stronger and emphasize the forms not as colors but as patterns, as in *Purple and Green*, two (continuous) panels measuring about fourteen feet on the horizontal; as in *Red and Yellow*, which also has darker colors on a horizontal march. Miss Crawford is most successful with her larger works—her imagination needs room; her forms, space; her colors, volume. In the best of these works there is a natural flood of color and light, singular enough to be notable, and original enough to be beautiful. (Widdifield, Jan. 27-Feb. 23.)—E.P.

Modern Masters: A fine Gris still life, *Jug and Glass* of 1916, full of the amiable purity which Gris could command in a limited palette of browns, grays, whites and blacks, and a wonderfully acid sketch of Jean Cocteau from the hand of Modigliani, are the highlights of this exhibition of contemporary masters. Klee's small *Railings by the Sea*, and Braque's sepia *Caryatid* are equally impressive. The Metzinger *Still Life* of 1910, unfortunately, seems like a muddy and indifferent example of the artist, but the remaining works by Marc, Jawlensky, Severini, Arp, Picasso and Leger are good, representative pieces. (Saidenberg, Jan. 12-Feb. 28.)—J.R.M.

Contemporary Americans: The reviewer's attention was initially seduced by Iver Rose's *Practise*: the akimbo stance of the cello-playing girl, the gold of the instrument and the ambience of russet, green and yellow which seems to embody the musical tones, all painted with intent freedom. In a portrait by Marion Greenwood, *Mother and Child*, the elaborated jungle background regrettably tends to dissipate the beautiful blue-black continuities which traverse the robe and the dark flesh. Stylish abstracts of place are fashioned in Louis Bossi's *Ponte Vecchio*, John Taylor's *Shell Beach*, David Shapiro's *Hill Town* and, with the strictest purity, in William Grant Sherry's *Maine*. Paul Sample's new *Spanish Promenade* is a sunny space, radiating coolness, of a hill town and parasoled figures on mules. A thorough standard of craftsmanship has been enforced throughout the show, which comprises eighteen artists. (Milch, Jan. 14-Feb. 9.)—V.Y.

Piero Sadun: This thirty-year-old Italian painter has been a student of Morandi; reference to the contemporary Italian master's work is inevitable. There are several similarities: Sadun uses a close-ranged palette that may vary from painting to painting, but in particular is effectively monochromatic; the subjects are bottles and jars that huddle quietly together; there is a gentle feeling of respect for a small world furnished with simple things that intimate life beyond their apparent stillness. But Sadun introduces a deliberate complexity in picture form that leads him away from Morandi's more personalized investigations of the objects themselves. Sadun's objects become compact shapes isolated on a single-tone ground, or sometimes merely punctuations for a strong vertical or horizontal pattern, or, expanding to the edges of the canvas, shapes that retain only the air of mystery with which the painter invested more naturalistic renderings of his subject. All of the works have a particular fastidiousness about their surfaces; this precision suits their essential gentility. (Delius, Jan. 22-Feb. 13.)—A.V.

Cy Twombly: Pretentious in that he monumentalizes on oversized canvases the intimate form which the doodle essentially is, Twombly attempts to leave a seismographic record of his presence before the canvas which is not really of interest to the detached observer. His pencil loops swiftly back and forth, digging into the paint vehemently or skimming over the surface, sometimes randomly, sometimes purposefully, as the consciousness relaxes or alerts itself. There

are the smudgings, erasures and overpainting necessary to authenticate the spontaneity of the uninhibited flow of energy, and there are also the personal characteristics of handwriting in the prevailing directions, the nature of the crossings and generosity of the rounded forms, but this is material for the graphologist's examination. One cannot help but acknowledge the effort expended and the sensitivity displayed, but it is only the utmost egotism which can conceive of this communication as being meaningful. (Stable, Jan. 2-19.)—M.S.

Enrico Baj: This is another act in the drama of modern art: explosive images, dramatic textures; a cast of heads and cats, figurative shapes, and maelstroms of lines. Baj is a self-proclaimed "nuclear painter" and a member of the Italian *avant-garde*. We are informed that he has illustrated Lucretius' *De Rerum Natura*: what he has done with it would be interesting to see. Many of the works exhibited here, once seen, will not be forgotten: *Giant Insect* is a whirling dervish of lines; *Composition* is a front-face female head shaped with scattered black spots on a white background, one side of the face gray; *Poetry of Someone Else* and *Yellow—Thoughts* are two flat profile heads, one red, one orange-yellow, the red with a spring for a neck, the yellow with interesting black and brown smears in the general area where brains might be. Among the larger works, in *Spectre and Cat*, both the spectre and the cat are so thick as to be present in body as well as in spirit, while parts of them are interestingly repeated as flat shadows; *Ionization* is more lurid in color and its figures are reduced to paint-drawn lines scurrying across the lower layer of the canvas. In one or two of the paintings there is a slight letup in the concentration of energy, power and force. In *Boys' Planets* the colors are softer, the planets are not out of reach, and the shape of the boy has even a certain whimsy; and there is one reclining nude, fully painted—a canvas that is decoratively bright, and quite out of keeping with the rest of the show despite the round male shadow-graph head that appears in the air like a signature for Baj. Whether you like Baj's work or not, it is worth seeing. (Schettini, Dec. 5-20.)—E.P.

Felix Pasilis: Except for one small composition involving a serape, and two tree studies, these still lifes insist on themselves with raw primaries and stentorian purples. Excitation is the principal consequence of this lack of modulation, and excitation is a not unwelcome quality to derive from painting. One's chief reservation here is that Pasilis gives evidence of a sensibility operating against itself, for his serenely spaced lemons, teapots and flowers suggest another mode of awareness on his part, and a different kind of formal involvement for them. It's as if Bonnard, for instance, were determined overnight to become a fauve without reconceiving his *décor*. If the analogy seems out of proportion, it may nonetheless be useful in kind as an explanation of the disparity which can be sensed between Pasilis's means and his content. (De Nagy, Jan. 22-Feb. 9.)—V.Y.

Feininger: In a poem, "For Lyonel Feininger," which, unusually, states an adequate verbal analogue, George Zabriskie wrote (I paraphrase in part) that for the grandest music you didn't need a wind machine larger than Aeolus, with kettle-drum stops: "you need an ordered art, an artful ordering . . . for in the end, the Gothic thrust to Heaven/ is a pile of simple stones: Bach/ is a massing of ordered sounds, and painting/ is an ordered feeling, done in ordered lines/ of ordered planes." Perhaps no other tribute could better define the basic vision of Feininger, whose "artful ordering" was splendidly demonstrated in this retrospective exhibition based on the single theme of "Gables" (1921-1954): interpretations of Lüneburg (where Bach was organist) in watercolors, charcoal drawing, wood blocks and oils—a gamut of style and disciplined perception which enriched one's own view of the painter who, in reproduction, had been too exclusively characterized by his *Gables I*, or sacerdotal, manner. (Willard, Nov. 27-Dec. 29.)—V.Y.

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IN THE GALLERIES

George McNeil: If titles are to be thought irrelevant, they shouldn't provoke. From *Faustian*, for instance, one might stand prepared for intimations of magic, of the devil, or of Spenglerian connotations of Gothic thrust and aspiration—but the McNeil painting in question (huge, of course) is an amorphous white impasto vaguely cup-shaped, with auxiliary splashes of red and gray. And why should a canvas largely consisting of a centered slab of dormant gray be dubbed *Tension* when tension is its least apprehensible quality? *Jet*, on the other hand, is a crudely explicit anecdote: something resembling a monstrous cat has been splashed by a passing projectile. Altogether, the paintings, mural-scope or not, negate most of the qualitative plastic means, and conceptually they invite optical inferences which are largely unverifiable. Mr. McNeil teaches at the University of California. (Poindexter, Jan. 28-Feb. 16.)—V.Y.

Norman Lewis: Lewis's rationale for his painting, that creativity is "a process rather than a series of expressive acts," may be a quibble (since surely the claims are not mutually exclusive), but it is, at any rate, a rationale not contradicted by his pictures, in each of which nothing is inert, nothing settled—yet everything has been beautifully achieved within a phase of process—if that's how he sees it. Lewis's lively basic unit is a stripe (or chevron, or shaving) which he disposes in kinetic hosts over the canvas, sometimes bound together as a kind of mat, as in the black-and-whites where, as white, they form a ground and, as black, figures on that ground; sometimes, bunched or hinged, as in the wing shapes of *Autumn Flight*, which hover on a chiaroscuro field. The black-and-whites are stronger (only partly through dramatic contrast) than the color-involved paintings, but all of them are alive in the formative sense so widely misapprehended by the Sunday expressionist. *Night Walk, I* and *II*, a pair of very large black-and-white verticals (wherein a white full moon and a black crescent one are respective features) express an irresistible dance of freedom and impulsion. Lewis, a painter, has a respect for mystery and an instinct of joy. (Willard, Jan. 29-Feb. 23.)—V.Y.

Adolphe Fleishmann: The possibilities for expansion and improvisation within the basic neoplastic proposition are virtually unlimited, or bound only by the limitation of the artist himself. Although it is waning now in that it attracts fewer younger painters, there is still sufficient vitality in the movement to indicate that it will endure as a purifying strain in art running concurrent with other strains. Fleishmann is one of the painters who continue to push forward neo-plastic frontiers, to experiment with optical effects as well as its gentler lyric possibilities. In his new canvases ovals are formed of multiple thin horizontal bands arrayed in interlocking tiers, crossed occasionally by a slim vertical bar; the solid ground is an integral part of the oval, showing through between the multi-colored bands and generating a shimmering effect which sets the whole painting in motion. The longer one gazes at a canvas, the more pronounced the motion becomes—a flat circle becomes a whirling sphere, or a dizzying dance of color takes place before one's eyes. The artist has admittedly been influenced by music in painting these compositions, and the application of a musical analogy here is a fascinating pastime. (Fried, Feb. 3-23.)—M.S.

Giorgio Cavallon: There are always certain painters who may fail to capture the popular imagination, but who inevitably command the admiration of fellow artists—in other words, painters' painters, such as Giorgio Cavallon. There are no easy pictorial elements to provide clues to Cavallon's paintings, no excesses, physical or emotional, to compel an immediate response, yet each canvas is worthy of the long and careful attention accorded to a substantial and satisfying work of art. A few years ago he was classified as "pure geometric," yet even then his forms were endowed with a more lyric quality, a more significant frame of reference, than the designation implies; the recent canvases dis-

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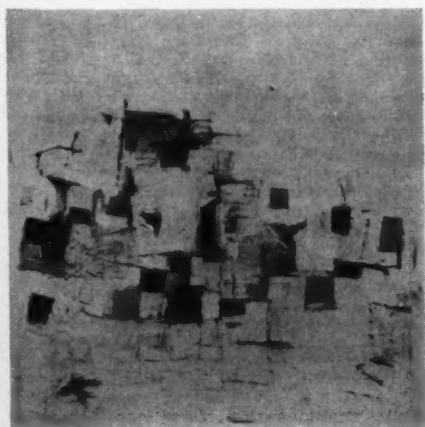
play a freeing of forms and loosening of the strokes, an infusion of light and a new spaciousness, still within the same fundamental structural concept. There is nothing fortuitous about this painting; every seemingly casual stroke is purposeful, and much deliberation has been given to the subtle relationships of which the whole is composed as well as to such niceties as the varying edges and the overlappings of the forms, the touches of underpainting occasionally glimpsed and the soft tinting of the whites. This is a tender, sunny art, rendered in light pinks, reds and blues; one need not strain after implications, but simply enjoy each poetic passage as it is revealed. (Stable, Jan. 21-Feb. 9.)—M.S.

Jason Berger: With their fauve brashness of color and their rollicking shapes and strokes, these oils bring to their landscape subjects a kind of sunny éclat. In *Tree* the rhythmic forms and the juxtaposition of colors set up a continuous activity—a stroke of brilliant red strikes against purple, a sanguine gash cuts into an area of solid yellow, and accents of blue and green react against brilliant white. Though in some sense there is a kind of orchestration of color that suggests Kandinsky, there is little of his shading-off and modulation of hues; these are brash, bright notes played next to each other. In his largest work, *The Quarry*, there is perhaps the indication of some new direction. The paint is reduced to thin washes, more loosely and spontaneously applied; the calligraphic strokes of green, the swatches of yellow, the blue arcs spreading out into soft masses, seem like more specific references to a stand of pines, the facets of rocks and the curved rims of pools of water. (Peridot, Jan. 14-Feb. 9.)—J.R.M.

Ilse Getz: All of these works have a summer whiteness, a sense of old walls or stretches of white sand under the glare of noon. But after the first shock of light, there is a shading-off into subtle tints and underpainting, sudden accents of blue or yellow which become all the more intense for their surroundings. In one of her largest canvases, *Italian Village*, there is that slightly suggested but firm and exact sense of structure, that delicate balancing of small square swatches of color against large expanses of white pigment, which dominates all of her recent paintings. There is as well an interplay of the whites themselves, a creamy stroke laid next to one of a slightly varied tint. What impresses one, both in the paintings and the collages, is the control and the variety that are developed from one work to another, the subtle differences that are established within what seems to be an essential sameness. One thinks of the white expanse of monotonous summer days and knows that these refinements upon the theme are valid. (Bertha Schaefer, Jan. 21-Feb. 9.)—J.R.M.

Blanche Phillips: The conception of the figure which predominates this selection of sculptures representing the work of the past two years is one of curious awkwardness with large torsos and skeletal limbs. The stance which it is generally given is solemn and rigid, as in *The*

Ilse Getz, ITALIAN VILLAGE; at Schaefer Gallery.



Columns or *Caryatid*, the feet firmly anchored to a flat, boardlike pedestal. The variation on this theme is an occasionally slight inclination, the figure pushed forward by some unseen pressure. A more persistently noticeable theme, however, is that which deals with the relationships of groups of such figures, or in the single figure isolated from a group, as in *The Crowd*. One takes it that the underlying idea is that of merging isolated figures into an architectural whole, and that the most explicit statement of this aim occurs in two somewhat similar works, *The Columns* and *The Archways*. In the first, three equal, identifiable figures stand in juxtaposition to a single dominating figure; in the second, the four vaguely human figures are transformed into a single structural whole. (Roko, Feb. 4-27.)—J.R.M.

Walter Quirt: The initial respect summoned by the eloquent brush drawing and flawless washes on pristine surfaces is quickly dispelled when one finds that it's all a joke and that the facetious painter has titled his impressive figures *The Tinkle of Prairie Belles*, *Bite Me*, *Maid of Milk*, etc. Perhaps this passes for either art or burlesque in Minneapolis, the locale which has furnished the artist with subject material, but it appears to this viewer as too flimsy for one and too gracious for the other. The elegance of the execution and the homeliness of the intent cancel each other out. Take *Inhabited by Man*, for example—such nuanced delicacy, such feathery passages of paint, such weightless, insubstantial forms, turn out to be a very pregnant woman. But maybe paradoxes are the artist's chief intent. (Duveen-Graham, Jan. 22-Feb. 9.)—M.S.

Ten Artists: One of the tacit principles in a current order of painting encourages a kind of birth-trauma representation wherein a figure is not wrested from paint but left to flounder in it. Anna Walinska heaps up a crust of whitish grays and grayish whites resembling plaster, and it's difficult to tell whether she is burying her forms or evoking them. One abstraction by Emma Ehrenreich, with a lighthouse, comes near to signifying something plastic, but the others are chaotic and their coloristic logic is not irrefutable. Thomas George, however, is master, not victim, of his freedom, especially in *Night at Sea*, a rhythmically rocking suffusion of purple, red and green, somberly alive. Marc Heine seems to favor cohesion by tonality but his tonal sense is insufficiently acute to check his overcalculated application of paint. Contrariwise, the non-objective art of B. F. Cunningham and Hannes Beckman reminds one of how assiduously their mode has been plundered by industrial designers and then relished from them in return. Cunningham is the more accomplished of the two; his superpositions, his exercises in equivalence and monochrome, the intriguingly poised *Inverted Intervals*, appeal irresistibly to one's orderly as well as one's lyrical sense. And yet they serve an idiom no longer genuinely workable except by commerce. Ethel Katz's watercolors convey a sort of Oriental idealism, *Sunrise* and *Moonrise* being effective islands of color at different points of the gamut. Douglas places flat comical people against densely colorful, painted backgrounds, and the absurd formality in space thereby acquired is the joke. Weiss, too, is a humorist—in sculpture. *Venetian Interlude*, a bronze-and-mosaic, laughs at baroque and at modern narrative sculpture alike; in *Mother and Child* Weiss has fun with material and with theories of functional conception, while creating a living movement. Lily Ente's sculpture is antithetical—serious, contained, disciplined to a minimum of anecdote, as with the crystalline black and white *Rendezvous*. Her *Mother and Child* is a commendably graceful, effortless audacity. This exhibition is altogether a fruitful illustration of contemporary rejections and possibilities. (Riverside, Dec. 2-23.)—V.Y.

Leo Garrel: Most of these watercolors have a certain high quality about them—the strokes are free and large, the composition open and expanding, the color, either of paint or the paper showing through it, generally attractive. They are sea- and cityscapes, in some cases readily identifiable, color slightly exaggerated, perhaps, but

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IN THE GALLERIES

containing some exact detail that locates the scene. In some paintings, however, another mode is suggested, painting in space that has no horizon. The very best of those seemed to me to be *Sun Descending into Sea*, in which reds, grays, yellows, oranges, build up against a gray area. *Morning Islands in Fog*, somewhat in the same mode, uses white drawing against gray, orange and soft pink. These more interesting works succeed, possibly, because their detail is understood in quite the same way that their structure is: it is part of the vibrant painting, rather than a careful note that punctuates it falsely. In all of the works the watercolor is used with opaque white, and much is gotten out of this medium—passages in which a semi-opaque wash cuts over a ground color to shadow a form, dry-edged strokes of wash, clean silhouettes of white paper and full-strength opaque colors are used, giving the surfaces an undeniable richness. (Zabriskie, Feb. 16-March 2.)—A.V.

Meltzer Group: If for no reason other than the inclusion of oils by the late Jankel Adler, this is a rewarding exhibition. Fortunately there are several other extremely capable artists present, but Adler's work is the high light of the show. In his mystical, expressionist oils he translates recognizable forms into dynamically new entities through an act of imagination and skill. The forms may become endowed with sybaritic qualities, as in the sumptuous *Mask with Red Background*; or they may be metamorphosed as in the hypnotic study of the child's head painted in oil on wood and in which the lines of paint outlining the head are creased like scars onto the wood. It is a personal vision that is always reflected by Adler, but it's a vision controlled by technique. One of the other pleasures in this show is the sculpture of Rhys Caparn. Working in dense, she explores nature's landscapes, seeking exact organic forms for her abstractions. Light and shade, sun and shadow, are effectively utilized in the cavities and sharp planes of her handsome *Winter Wood*. In her more representational work she has created an iconography of natural forms that dramatically render trees and rocks and the flow of water down a mountain stream. Rolf Nesch's inventive, strikingly decorative metal prints, Louis Bunce's abstract re-creations of the crags and ravines of the Northwest, and color abstractions by Dorr Bothwell and Alva complete the exhibition. (Meltzer, Jan. 8-Feb. 18.)—G.L.

Chinese Calligraphy by Tsou-Lin Tcheng: It is difficult for a Westerner to comprehend the difficulties of mastering Chinese calligraphy which requires not only the utmost skill and discipline in the handling of the brush, but also it would seem that a certain degree of esthetic sensibility is almost necessary to the perfect and most significant formation of the character. Dr. Tcheng is something of a phenomenon in that he has mastered as an avocation most of the major styles of Chinese calligraphy. The exhibition of his work is of special interest in that it enables one to trace the development of Chinese writing from its origins in the scratching of pictographic symbols on turtle shells through the various stages of its evolution to the several styles still currently in use, including the Kai Shu or regular style, the Hsing Shu, a running, scriptlike style, and the Tsao Shu, the most flexible and freely interpreted form, frequently used for poetry. Often the relationship of a character to the concept it conveys is a close and a poetic one, and the symbolism becomes even richer if one is able to trace its evolution over thousands of years. The high quality of this particular calligrapher's work appears to be agreed upon by experts. Suffice it to say that it is very moving to the uninitiated. (Mi Chou, Jan. 8-Feb. 9.)—M.S.

John Hartell: Veering away from the more specific subjects and substantial forms of his earlier paintings, Hartell has turned his attention to the nebulous area of light and motion. Evidently a stay in Easthampton furnished the inspiration for these new canvases, and indeed many of them do suggest the intense light reflected by sea and sand or the sensation of ebb-

ing waters or the still heat of midsummer at the shore. White is dominant here, muted and varied to produce an atmospheric evanescence while golden browns and soft fluttering grays provide concentrations and dispersals of energy. The same freer style, the vision at once refreshed and intensified, is likewise apparent in the Chinese-ink drawings which explore the recesses and caverns of a fluctuating space. (Kraushaar, Jan. 28-Feb. 16.)—M.S.

Henry Niese: Henry Niese's talent is, to date, distinctly decorative: the minute variations of patina and texture which he can give to a large object such as the wardrobe in *Ambry*, the sideboard and low round table-top in *Nelson's Kitchen*, or the rag rug and table-top in the American interior "1859." He works best with light, bright colors, yellows and oranges, thinned and blended and enriched under a shiny surface. These three, and *Kitchen Still Life*, its decorative utensils hung against the wall, have a finish and charm that give full expression to their themes. While his interiors transform reality, his exteriors—a barn, a porch, a landscape—merely describe it. And though *Myself as a Painter*, an energetic figure seen from the rear, squatting while he paints a white floor red, has some power, in general Niese's good work is confined to his decorative style. His art has already won him several prizes as well as a Pulitzer traveling fellowship. In what direction he will develop remains to be seen, for one doubts that he will be content for very long to repeat his earlier successes. (Gallery G, Jan. 8-Feb. 2.)—E.P.

Audubon Artists' Annual: Since it is impractical to attempt any adequate account of the hundreds of entries in this annual, herewith is a notation of the top prizewinners, together with a parenthetical observation. The Audubon Artists' Medal of Honor went to Gerald Fromberg in oil painting, Syd Solomon in the watercolor and casein division, Paul Arnold in graphic arts and José de Creeft in sculpture. There were in addition twenty-three awards, purchase prizes and medals of honor, and three honorable mentions in each class. A cursory inspection of the three floorfuls gave this reviewer an over-all impression of "pleasant" pictures and of numerical superiority from the sculpture entries. In the sculpture gallery we selected, quite gratuitously, a few pieces before which we were enthralled: Kermah Kellman's *Nestling Birds* and Margo Harris's *Naiad* (both marble, if memory serves), Joseph Konzal's *Two Figures* in wood, the hammered-lead *Susannah* of Dorothea Greenbaum and, in the front gallery, first floor, Jean de Marco's terra-cotta *Two Women*. (National Academy of Design, Jan. 17-Feb. 3.)—V.Y.

George Morrison: An inborn knowledge of nature seems to underlie the serene abstractions which George Morrison has painted during the last two years in New York and Minnesota. It would be impossible to say which canvases were done in which place, for they all refer not to his immediate surroundings, but to a more fundamental exploration of nature's depths and moods; some paintings are composed of reposeful horizontals relating to broad plains and untroubled skies, while others may generate a movement through a series of dark verticals building up to a crescendo of light and slowly diminishing again. Beneath the reds with which each canvas is suffused flickers an underpainting of deep blues and ochers which lends a shifting, changing quality to otherwise stable forms. Crucial here is the unself-conscious transmission of the painter's experience in a form that is intelligible but generalized and non-specific. (Grand Central Moderns, Jan. 25-Feb. 13.)—M.S.

Lin Emery: Intrigued with the idea of flowing water setting forms in motion, Lin Emery has constructed several ingenious small fountains, one to resemble a lily pond with bobbling copper lily pads, which babble pleasantly amid the silent and motionless constructions of which the remainder of this first one-man show is comprised. These latter are a blending of organic forms and a mechanical aspect which suggests turbines or some sort of latent power, as if they might sud-

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denly start to grind and spin. A towering Adam is an imposing figure as the metal shapes move in halting progressions gradually toward the pinnacle with a slow and solemn dignity. Copper brazed with bronze is the material here, used as a sheathing to enclose spaces and create a sense of large volumes and masses. The artist has been working in this medium since 1952 and has attained a full understanding of its potentials while mastering many aspects of its technical difficulties. (Sculpture Center, Jan. 28-Feb. 16.)—M.S.

Drawings: A surprising range of directions is charted in the drawings of ten artists—an apparent determination to annex the more complex or weighty problems of the heavier paint media. Hanna Ben Dov gambles on her still lifes' having their say by austere placement and accent, and little else. Seymour Frank and Rosemarie Beck experiment with shadow and large areas of bare paper; Carmen Cicero and Philip Perlstein attempt the dynamic and the powerful, Cicero with abstract armored forms, flatly rendered. Perlstein, in *Roots I* and *Roots II*, with a climbing flow of volume and a strong tangle of burdening growth. Reginald Pollack is drawing the Cézanne landscape of frontal mass in a way that commands admiration. Emilio Sanchez, alternating fine brush and pen, delineates an expansive porticoed house and palms in a simply incredible architectonic of lines, geometrically consummate. The woodland notes of Sue Mitchell sound a minor tremulous interplay, soft echoes of the canvases in her successful exhibition last month. To Fannie Hillsmith's candy-box prettiness it is devastating to oppose the minute still-life groupings of Leon Hartl, perfections of texture and economy—and one floating tree, imperishably sketched with smoke. (Peridot, Feb. 4-March 2.)—V.Y.

Stow Wengenroth: Twenty-five years of a lithographer's career are reviewed in a procession of prints which never deviate from the high standard of performance established at the start and which comprise a record in black and white of the artist's perception of the external world, an observation unwavering in its objectivity and in its devotion to nature's smallest detail. Notable in Wengenroth's achievement is the richness of tone which he is able to summon within the gamut of black and white, and the preoccupation with effects of light and shadow which bring luminosity and vibrance to works which might otherwise be merely meticulous. Whether he is dealing with a close-up study of a downy woodpecker or the spare grace of a Colonial church or a spacious view of the salt marshes, he has always at his command the same flawless execution and the sure mastery of compositional fundamentals and complexities. (Kennedy, Feb. 11-28.)—M.S.

Object Art Show: Varied useful objects are brought together in a show whose genesis is an interest in the craftwork of painters and sculptors. All of the works are of professional quality; some are of real artistry. The two do not inevitably go hand in hand, and the objects of prime interest to this reviewer are those that excel in the latter, whatever their technical merits may be. Thus judged, Margaret Israel's stoneware pots and hanging bottles are exceptionally attractive. The bottles are molded in shapes that suggest archaic female figures; they are worked with decorative incisions in dark brown tones, inlaid with glazed ware shapes, their ropes part of the rich color. Sculptor David Weinrib shows a sculptural plant stand—a fired-clay container supported on thin metal legs. Dave Slivka's heavy silver or bronze pendants have a look unlike any other contemporary jewelry, using the fine-etched line that results from the wax-casting process as part of their design. Sue Butzow's woven apparel and upholstery fabrics use close colors in a variety of hues, the design kept to a simple stressed stripe or dot, displaying an impressionistic color rather than pattern. Other exhibits range from inlaid-wood tables to woven or hooked rugs. (Zabriskie, Jan. 17 to Feb. 15.)—A.V.

Hans Boehler: Exhibited widely—Vienna to Venice to Dartmouth—Boehler's announced inspiration for both the wispy, febrile charcoal drawings of women, with persistently mammalian exposures, and the red-to-fuchsia-with-orange-

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Jane Wilson, SUN PORCH; at Hansa Gallery.

green oils of gods and goddesses, is the "eternal feminine" of the "revered and ancient myths." The bodies which shudder in the oils as if seen through colored gelatinous in a tank at midnight are ably contrived from small planes of motley, and the whole *mise en scène* has a leafy quality, inevitable to the profusion of green. Yet the prevailing, pursuing sensation is one of an utterly jaded and morose sensibility—Lautrec in a snake house. (Artists', Jan. 26-Feb. 14.)—V.Y.

Jane Wilson: It is startling to find a young American painter who, surrounded by all those tempting short cuts to contemporaneity, either slick or rugged, has instead retained and developed an innate refinement best described as Parisian, if only because that is the milieu where taste of such an order has been nurtured. Miss Wilson's reward, and ours, is a rediscovery of the intimist scene on native grounds—a garden, a room with a view, a chaise longue and end table, a landscape sufficient to its less grandiose aspects—and a reassessment of the visible brush stroke and divisional placing of color for her own purposes. To fill space with a plenitude of vibrations (*Back Garden* and *Autumn Bathers*) or to inform it with cool incandescence while respecting the dignity of substance (*Sun Porch*) are impressionist aims which the painter is seeking to realize with a style of her own. In this direction, as a matter of detail, she has an astutely tender way of making an olive tinge and a shade close to heliotrope consort with each other, yet not be cowed by a sharp red. Suddenly intense, she opens out space beyond space within a vital interplay of interrupted mass (*Autumn Bathers*): the brisk fibers of the sky reappear in the water without disturbing the intervening greenery and hills, as if having passed through like an invisible current. She is not irretrievably committed to the vibratory, for in *Chaise Longue* and in a small painting, *Husband and Piano* (title presumed), she employs the method of single-color areas. Her vertical "self-portrait" is handsome with a difference, a triumph of drawing, so to speak, that co-ordinates unfailingly the olive crest of hair and the boldly graphic face and arms, the laminated stripes of the kimono—among which the scarlet accent is inspired—an opaque wineglass and two squares of light behind the figure: an uneasily beautiful study. (Hansa, Jan. 21-Feb. 9.)—V.Y.

Hollis Holbrook: These busily lyric, free-form abstractions, while not particularly notable, are not unpleasing. Delicately colored, they are scenic in mood, as some of the titles such as *Eastering Sky* and *Fall Pattern* indicate. Their relationship to nature is largely an imaginary one however. Their construction is abstract—a few repeated blacks create a static space within which there is a great deal of local activity both

of form and color. Such abstractions, slightly poetic, slightly imaginative, are in a genre that may be as familiar to tomorrow's children as yesterday's vases of flowers have become to us today. (Contemporary Arts, Jan. 28-Feb. 11.)

—E.P.

Pepe Romero: Romero's work has nothing to recommend it. His idea of an abstraction is smears and swirls of paint and more smears and swirls of paint—which ends up looking like something one might do in a furious fit of aggressive exhibitionism. His abstractions are less *there* than some of his other works however, such as his merman beatifically resting his tail on a wave. One might suggest that Romero study the surrealists. For though his brush creates energy, and his work shows occasional symptoms of imagination, yet his pieces so lack structure, taste, elegance and discipline that the total effect is insignificance. (Hammer, Feb. 21-March 3.)—E.P.

Doris Rosenthal: Two years in Mexico have furnished the artist with a host of small sad-eyed subjects for her somber-toned oils. A poignant child stares out of nearly every canvas, although the settings vary from the cool recesses of a patio to a desolate sea wall. The lushness of semitropical growth crowds the paintings with a dense profusion of leaves rendered with vigorous brush drawing and washes of low-keyed color. The more vivid aspects of the Mexican scene are absent, perhaps because the artist is trying not to give us a tourist's Mexico, but to capture a more intimate interior view. (Midtown, Jan. 21-Feb. 16.)—M.S.

Alexander Dobkin: Paintings of Israel resulting from the stimulus of several months' stay in that country are Dobkin's preoccupation in his first exhibition in four years. An exception is the panoramic view of Paris, but the remainder are all of subjects indigenous to the Israeli scene, mostly figures of determined yet visionary expressions. Most striking in this work is the sense the artist conveys of the unity of people and land, the total integration of the child, the grandfather, the young mother with their surroundings. The paintings are aglow with golden tones and flickering strokes of color—oranges, yellows, viridian greens and flecks of gold which give the land of milk and honey a real appearance of abundant riches. (A.C.A., Jan. 28-Feb. 15.)—M.S.

Earl Hofmann: This Baltimorean, a regular exhibitor since 1951, is recorded as being "determined to prove there is a definite need for realism in painting today." He rests his case, evidently, on these urban landscapes, which are painted in a French eighteenth-century man-

ner—white lights play forth pink buildings and small, shiny figurines; overhead floats a baby-blue sky. (Grand Central Galleries, Feb. 12-23.)
—A.V.

Geoffrey Holder: Holder is a dancer, but any influence from that occupation on his painting is too subtle for this viewer to determine. His Trinidad natives, one or two to a canvas, occupy the warmed space of his paintings—safron vivified by white, for instance—with a quiet monumentality, as if born in them and intending to grow, unimpeded, until they reach the sun. They express the joy of being vertical. (Is it irrelevant that Holder is six foot six?) The figures are always restful—reposeful is better—even in *Mother and Son*, the largest painting, where the young woman on her back dandles her child in a fiery-circling, smoky-sun atmosphere. The woman's white slip and her brown arms curving to hold the baby in a central structure which assumes the shape of a lyre, endow the sentiment with a tranquil strength. *Landscape and Kite, Boy in Tree* and the tender stateliness of *Diametre* (a streetwalker) are equally animated by compositional value attained with a few boldly sensuous elements. *Ladies with Umbrellas*—one canary-dressed, one red—has the linear symmetry of a West Indian Manet, though the Frenchman would no doubt have scorned the implementing of texture by interjection of the masonite panel. (Barone, Jan. 10-Feb. 9.)—V.Y.

Magic in African Art: The fascination of African sculpture is unending when, to employ a conceit, it is looked into as well as upon. The outward form (redisposed) and the backward meaning are nowhere in art so organically unified. A protective amulet carved from an animal's tooth has the taut asceticism of some Gothic saint; a dark bronze bell used in Benin religious ceremonies is ornamented with an "abstract" design which is frankly generative; a Bakuba hollowed cup—memorializing a cannibal act—is a masterpiece of enterprising fantasy, for its base is a single foot and, to free the vessel as a functional object, the tiny arms are placed high on the powerful neck. There is an equal chance of one's respecting Picasso more, or less, as you study the Negro originals of his copious rehearsals, but in any case the esthetic scope and the psychological motivation of the originals are beyond question. (Segy, Feb. 1-28.)—V.Y.

Robert Courtright: The paper in these collages is no rag-and-bobtail assortment. Mr. Courtright uses paper as if he were painting, and one suspects him of having stocks of just what might be needed on hand. His themes are architectural: towers, churches, monasteries, to be found in Spain, Portugal, France and Italy—St. Michel, Cuxa, Tower, San Gimignano, St. Etienne, Agda, Château Grimaldi, Antibes, to name but a few. His work has a formal clarity that is admirable. Decorative elements are used sparingly. And the textures of the papers (against whites) effectively transcribe the atmosphere of light on old stone, that thoughtful light that seems in the main both very Spanish and very monklike. This is Mr. Courtright's fourth annual exhibition of works in this style. (New, Feb. 4-16.)—E.P.

American Graphic Art: There is such a wealth of fine prints in this exhibition that a partial listing can only reflect a small portion of the show's excellence. It is a personal selection—which is part of its charm—and does not attempt to be comprehensive, but includes some well-known masters of the graphic media side by side with carefully chosen works by lesser-known artists. Those who know Peter Grippo primarily as a sculptor may be surprised by the power and conviction of his *Self-Portrait* in etching and intaglio, a truly arresting and moving work. Extremes in temperament are represented by Ralston Crawford's ingeniously systematic *Elevators* and the wistful, nostalgic *Women at Tea* by Vera Klemens, a young artist with an intuitive feeling for the woodcut medium. Adja Yunkers' *Nature morte, Roma*, is brilliant technical tour de force in its exploitation of a number of wood blocks to achieve incredibly rich surfaces and magnificent color effects. To mention a few more: Ann Freilich's delicate and luminous monotype, Edward

Giobbi's *Treasure*, Rosario Murabito's lithograph, *Three Figures on Horses*, Louise Nevelson's *The Garden* in etching and aquatint, and Gert Gordon's sparkling little lithograph, *The Pine Tree*. (Roko, Dec. 10-Jan. 5.)—M.S.

Salpeter Group: The occasion of this group show is the tenth anniversary of the Salpeter Gallery. The exhibition includes Kirschenbaum's surrealist *Triangle of the Birds*; Ben Benn's 1956 portrait, *Young Woman in a Black Blouse*; a landscape blossoming in orange and yellow by Harold Baumbach; and Charles Csuri's poetic canvas, *The City of Dis*, banked in an imaginative red glow. *Triangle of the Birds* is especially interesting. It combines an innocent scene with a mordant drama: at a children's playground with a large jungle gym, in the still light of a city day, dragonlike bat-birds with peaked, horny wings are preying upon men trapped among the bars. The painting does not end on a note of horror however, for the tension is somewhat resolved by a clarion note of orange in the form of a banner or standard of arms that hangs down from one of the topmost bars of the jungle gym. Varied in subject and style, the show also includes works by Charles Heldenreich, Harry Crowley, Sholam Farber, Noel Davis and Joseph Greenberg. (Salpeter, Feb. 4-28.)
—E.P.

Verna Wear Group: Among twenty-four small oils and watercolors—there are eight exhibitors—the watercolors of Glen Krause and Lawrence Kupferman stand out. Krause shows a sensitive eye, an expressive brush in *Dune Grass* and *Five Gulls*. Kupferman's *Weather Vanes* is charmingly colored and patterned with a great many decorative motifs, while his totally abstract *Insects and Butterflies in September Garden* has lyrically explosive color spots on an absorbent brown ground. Marjorie Bishop's gouaches—trees, orchards—are nicely designed, as are Tom O'Hara's two-dimensional figures. But on the whole the show is extremely mediocre. (Verna Wear, Feb. 1-28.)—E.P.

Drawings: In an anthology of quality surprises from various masters of line, these are arresting: A Fuseli wash of Robert Bruce, ferociously composed; an Ensor, 1886, in which Hell is comic and Paradise grave; an utterly macabre exercise in comparative physiognomy by Rowlandson; exquisite sketches for *Daphnis and Chloë* woodcuts by Maillol; a startling woman-and-lion of Rodolphe Bresdin (teacher of Redon); Delacroix sketches—beside the customary feline animals, delicate pastoral compositions; an astonishing figure drama by Juan Gris (gessoed paper) of a monumental Christ being stoned by soldiers; a Picasso humor from the Gertrude Stein collection, *La Promenade*; and, perhaps the most affecting, Suzanne Valadon's nude, a reiteration of the fact that an unattractive body seems somehow more intensely naked than a lovely one—but perhaps no less expressive. (Deitsch, Jan. 15-Feb. 9.)—V.Y.

Judith Foster and Belle Politi: The tightly composed abstractions of Judith Foster, dialectical in subject, are highly individual, imaginative forms. *Winter and Spring* is a honeycomb of red tree forms on a blue space, *Dormant and Animated Forms* a fanciful assemblage recalling lily pads seen from overhead. *Sand, Water and Shadows* is painted in intriguing wavy parallels of dusty yellow, with imprints—like footprints in the sky. No such liberty of interpretation can be granted Belle Politi, who methodically puts one insolently colored square or smear next to another with no intrinsic or developing interest whatever. (Panoras, Feb. 18-March 2.)—V.Y.

John Groth: Groth's facility with line—a sharp, rapid, dynamic line—generates a kind of excitement in his watercolors which is perfectly compatible with his subjects. Races, bullfights, figures and animals in motion form the major portion of his show. When he works with isolated figures or groups, as in *Tribesmen Hawking* or *Palio, Siena*, he establishes a kind of authority which is sometimes reminiscent of Delacroix. His problem, as the larger composition *Village*

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IN THE GALLERIES

Bullfight indicates, is in managing the figure in relationship to a more complicated background than his isolated studies of figures in motion require. (Petite, Jan. 28-Feb. 9.)—J.R.M.

Eisner and Jorge: The juncture of Eisner and Jorge is a particularly unhappy one. Neither has much depth as a painter, and Jorge's hollow surrealism—his empty pillars, cast shadows, and sculptured shells, from which the figure has been dissolved like wax—is as slick as Eisner's technique is sloppy. Sloppy is not quite right; Eisner is really careless: one feels he could do much more. Furthermore, as a primitive, he has taken the easy way out: he is not trying to paint what he sees, but to avoid the labor of really trying to see what he paints. Nevertheless, several of his canvases have a certain felicity, the more so the further he departs from a primitive realism. (Sullivan, Jan. 2-16.)—E.P.

Orfeo Tamburi: An Italian painting within the Parisian aura, Tamburi suggests the delight of a Rousseau tempered by the scrutiny of a Utrillo. The empty streets and chalky facades would be desolate if they were not illuminated by lozenges of twinkling color and a silvery suffusion of warm blue and gray. Whatever scene he paints, Tamburi evokes the Italianesque, in the *tortoni* sense of that modifier. *Maison à Fontainebleau* is a masterful little setting of white, blue and ochre, receding from a naked traffic divider. In *Lampione* he composes a melodious street scene with a slab of white frontage, cubes of Indian red and rivulets of blue. Formal and intimate at once, his painting compels by architectural purity within disciplined oscillations of line; even from outhouses on the Isle of Elba he has inveigled a dignified charm—which is quite a feat. (Sagittarius, Feb. 11-Mar. 2.)—V.Y.

Catholic Art Society: Under the circumstances (paintings, sculpture, prints and ceramics by Catholic artists) this exhibition was a mixture of didactic and esthetic intentions—with amateurs and professionals mutually involved. Jack Bilander's many color etchings displayed a seasoned standard of ability; David Sortor's painting, *Holy Face*, was a brooding, intensively realized icon in the tradition; a delightful composition in copper, a sort of open-work frieze, of St. Francis with three birds, was executed by Mariella Duffy, and Father McManus showed a fine Christ head of clay, rhythmically enclosed. Outside of the canon (entitled *Joy of Israel*), Mary Butler's oversize oil of a girl's head had a marvelous pictorial audacity. Since the painter is allegedly a tyro, this portrait augurs well; if too dependent, finally, on its drawing, it is nonetheless sensuously sculptured, and alive with surface lights. (Burr, Dec. 30-Jan. 12.)—V.Y.

Eliena Krylenko: The paintings of Eliena Krylenko, Russian-born wife of Max Eastman, are shown in a memorial exhibition—she died last fall—which covers many years of her career. Her individual stamp is felt not so much in her style, which is generally conservative, as in her warmth and sympathy toward her subject, either in her penetrating portraits or her loving studies of the sea and shore. Her approach was always unshackled and completely responsive to what lay before her, although one feels that her stylistic development as a painter lagged behind her intelligence and her empathetic powers. A series of landscapes in gouache and pastel are particularly ingratiating in their freshness and the evident enjoyment on the part of the artist of a scene's visual delights. (Wellons, Jan. 7-19.)—M.S.

American Expression: In sum, these painters and sculptors have been unable to resist the lure of the unbridled. Ceruzzi spouts whimsical images onto the surface of an already painted canvas, like icing over a birthday cake; Leona is needlessly tempted by a similar compulsion, whereas her burnt-orange fiery vision speaks adequately without such aid; Tom Young's interflaming nudes are close to achievement, but Alton Tobey—one of his "sculptures," *Rape of Hungary*, is a sprawled anatomy with a cake-mold conspicuously located—should be reminded that compassion is never outrageously vulgar.

Art is more visible in the small *Meadow* of Jack Miller, a diminishing key of the over-all planes establishing a horizon, and in his pacific house-on-stilts, where the frontal structures appear to project as they traverse the small frame. (Pietranonio, Dec. 16-30.)—V.Y.

Black and White: A group show in various media, it presents some notable work, ranging through various degrees of abstraction, from Susan Rabinowitz's fairly realistic drawing, *Pistano Dories*, to Gerson Lieber's collage of white oblongs against a black ground, *Tombs II*. Dorothy Koppelman's dense, solidly structured drawing, *Dark in Dark*, Albert Heckman's charcoal study, *Rock and Trees*, and Malcolm Anderson's pointillist composition in carbon pencil, *Nightwatch*, present some of the highlights, along with works by John von Wicht, K. C. Rowland, Romus Viesulas, as well as photographs by Nat Herz, Morris Jaffe and Lewis Dienes. (Terrain, Feb. 3-March 1.)—J.R.M.

James Juthstrom: Juthstrom has the knack of placing the observer at once deep within and far outside and above his spare, uplifted landscapes, so that one enjoys a bird's-eye view while at the same time feeling dwarfed by a hill in the middle ground. The paint surfaces are scraped and reworked until they become faintly luminous and rich-toned without a heavy build-up of paint. The forms are massive, simple—the force is in their placement, not in the rendering itself—and the prevalent color is a tawny array of ochers and golden browns. The artist studied with Reuben Tam and William Kienbusch, and his approach to nature has in it elements from both painters, the essential simplification of forms from Kienbusch and the abiding unity with nature which one senses in Tam's paintings. This is not to say that Juthstrom is a derivative painter: on the contrary he has evolved a singular idiom. (Gallery G, Feb. 5-March 2.)—M.S.

Three-Man Show: Marie Wilner paints with more inventiveness in watercolor, judging by the one large conventional oil: she places the introverted figure of *Self within the Self* with a certain minor majesty; and in *The Living Sea I* and *Outpost* she controls a fine suggestiveness, each in a different gamut of color. But in others she has a fatally loose inclination toward the cryptic, and the glassy electrical color surface coats them in a mystical vulgarity. Cesar Algen's *Brooklyn Bridge* has a more bracing perspective than any attained in the rest of his academic watercolors; Helen Protas' mixed-media abstractions are really quite repellent in their piled-up, pretentious surfaces. Her humorous wash drawing is sole evidence that she has any talent for the pictorial. (Caravan, Feb. 3-23.)—V.Y.

William Fisher: The painter's summer location in Kennebunkport, Maine, furnishes for the most part the subjects of the competently executed oil paintings here exhibited, motifs now so thoroughly painted as to be identifiable by number to the natives of some summer colonies. Also on view is a selection from what must be the most complete graphic document extant of the rapidly expiring Village. In contrast to the paintings, the drawings attain their interest by virtue of their explicitness. (Eighth Street Gallery, Jan. 1-12.)—A.V.

Felrath Hines: Possibly as a consequence of the one fine careless rapture, a small representational landscape, *Spring*, painted inconclusively, Mr. Hines fastened on that obsessive abstract form which varies in little but size from picture to picture: this form, resembling a grotto, even when it's called a cosmos or an Oriental garden, is framed within the frame, usually by a blue border. The color areas within the enclosure have a Byzantine warmth; they are painted shagily and are tactfully contoured in shapes appropriate to their hues. (Parma, Feb. 4-23.)—V.Y.

Jo E. Carroll: Her second one-man show represents a significant advance, particularly in her oils. The knowing organization of the whole composition which her graphic works previously demonstrated has been taken over into her oils,

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and the color has opened up, particularly in *Phantasmagora*, to provide a sense of space that was missing in her densely worked compositions of a year ago. With its vague, watery shapes, its sense of mysterious depths, its thematic material (similar, one takes it, to the darker, more cramped *Temptation of St. Anthony*) the painting establishes the sense of a talent coming into its own. (Burr, Feb. 10-23.)—J.R.M.

Nicholas Krushenick: His alphabet consists of methodically painted strands or streamers which, varying from canvas to canvas in color, width and tensility, advance upon a rival host with similar properties or thrustingly explore an open space or solid color. The mutations on view are dramatically potent, flamboyantly so in the large canvases where black stalactites prong downward into yellow, or black fingers undulate from the bottom. The smaller paintings are no less striking and a good deal more fluid. The oversize *White Almost Gone* is a warning—soft shoulder!—the forms not shapen but smeared: let us pray for Krushenick to withstand the exponents of driftage. (Camino, Jan. 25-Feb. 14.)—V.Y.

Muriel Zimmerman: Between the time of her painting two golden-misted figures, tangibly organized, and the balance of the show on view, Miss Zimmerman is reported to have visited Mexico and become one with color. Conceivably, she encountered Certain Rumors there, too, for her undeniable chromatic prodigality is presently at the mercy of an itch to expunge the remains of anything imagistic. The remains occasionally stare from within the orange-and-livid tangles, like a dead man's eyes in the underbrush. (Fleischman, Jan. 24-Feb. 25.)—V.Y.

Rachel Frank: Brightly colored ribbons drawn with the flat of a pastel look deceptively like abstract patterns until one perceives the hidden figures; the suggestion of a profile suddenly emerges with a surprisingly acute characterization, or a tangle of orange bands becomes two persons conversing. These are slight but clever works, amusing, direct and unembellished. The artist makes her point swiftly and with finality, without need of further elaboration. A more conventional black and white drawing, *Two Figures*, demonstrates a probing and provocative quality not apparent in the brisk pastels. (Kottler, Feb. 4-16.)—M.S.

Kenneth Noland: There is a certain amount of distinction in the use of color in these large abstractions, in *The Royal Envelope*, with its wedges of green, pinkish gray and electric blue, or in *Opal* with its milky, overlapping tints of blues, pinks, purples and greens, but the loose brushwork, the dead areas, like the central blank of *The Bedspread*, do not convince one that the artist is able to command the amount of space he has chosen to work with. One has the feeling that the impetus behind these works is very slight and the statement of it correspondingly grandiose. (Tibor de Nagy, Jan. 2-19.)—J.R.M.

Midseason Oil Group: This art center is a hospitable place; not only are its doors open to all painters who want to hang their works, but tea is served on Wednesday afternoons as well, and a general air of respect for the painters' works as well as care for their sustenance prevails. Under this democratic principle, "casual painters or hobbyists" do seem to find hanging space, yet there are certainly enough paintings of merit for the prize-awarding juries to ponder. Judges Milton Avery, Moses Soyer and Alex Reddin have awarded the prizes of a future four-man show and the possibility of one-man shows to Haim Mendelson for *Fruit in Studio Corner #2*, to Sue Rabinowitz for *Positano Boats*, to Frieda Savitz for *Yellow Interior* and to Trudy Rosenblum for *Rue sans appetit*. (Village Art Center, Dec. 30-Jan. 11.)—A.V.

Hyde Solomon: Solomon has taken Cézanne's alignment of landscape elements on a frontal plane and eliminated all signifying terms. The overlaid tongues of paint remain, clustered like Panpipes and so imbued with raw color as to

continued on page 68

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STUDIO TALK

BY BERNARD CHAET

Industrial Sand Casting in Bronze: Interview with Leonard Baskin

LEONARD BASKIN's oversized woodcuts have gained him an imposing reputation as a graphic artist since he first began to exhibit five years ago. Yet, all during this period, he has been active as a sculptor—carving wood and stone, and casting in bronze. On a recent visit to his studio, a small cottage deep in the woods overlooking the Connecticut River in South Hadley, Massachusetts, I could see the five years' work (carvings and bronzes) crowded into his shed. His production, fascinating in itself, deserves the interest of a wide contemporary audience; but a necessary preliminary to that appreciation is an understanding of Mr. Baskin's technique.*

Let us begin with the photograph below, which shows a group of bronzes just back from casting. The bronzes are relatively unfinished; Baskin reworks them with various tools, some of which are depicted. His process will become clarified for us as we grasp the nature of bronze industrial sand casting. To simplify matters it would be best to study his sculptural style in general, for that style is the basis for possible industrial casting.

Francis Henry Taylor, in an introduction to the catalogue of Mr. Baskin's first sculpture show at the Worcester Museum (November, 1956), wrote: "Having had opportunities to study abroad, particularly in Italy where he was deeply influenced by the sculpture of the early Middle Ages and the Trecento, he has brought to his work a sense of humanistic understanding and perception of the inherent tragedy in the art of that country." Mr. Taylor's comments give us an image of Baskin's visual and philosophical approach. A majority of his sculptures are figures—standing and reclining—and heads. Plastically, each sculpture is composed around a relatively simple core. Sand casting allows no major protruding forms or extensions around this central core. To use the sculptor's vocabulary, there can be no "undercuts." This is the key to this process, and Mr. Baskin's own sculptural style did not have to be transformed for industrial sand casting in bronze.

In contrast to traditional sculpture casting, in which a plaster mold is made from the original clay or plaster and subsequently recast in sections (separate casts for each extending form), industrial casting demands no preparatory mold or section casts. Instead, the one-step sand-casting method is done directly from the original clay or plaster at a cost only a fraction of that involved in traditional methods. For example, Mr. Baskin's sculpture is cast by a foundry worker in his off hours. (Industrial sand casting is used commercially to reproduce simple machine parts.) Let us

*Editor's Note: Leonard Baskin's sculpture is currently featured, until February 16, in a one-man show at the Grace Borgenicht Gallery.



Sand-cast bronzes before refinishing.

proceed to a step-by-step description of the process which Mr. Baskin employs.

The original clay sculpture, prepared without armatures, is allowed to dry for about a week until it is brittle. Bronze is melted in a crucible awaiting the simple yet delicate process which produces the sand mold. The sand mold itself is made in two sections. The molding flask, a square structure open at both ends, is composed of two identical empty wooden squares which can be locked together. One of the two sections of the flask is placed on a table, so that if a head, for example, is to be cast, it is placed face down in the center of this half of the flask. Sand, in combination with moist clay to bind it, is shaken in until it completely covers the clay and fills the entire volume of the wooden structure. The sand is carefully compressed until this section of the flask is tightly and fully packed to enable one to turn it upside down. This is the next step in the process, at which point the dried clay original is now entirely hidden in the sand. The sand is next delicately cleared away to reveal the sculpture, and, of course, it is the face which will be revealed. The clearing away is done with spoon-shaped molder's tools.

Mr. Baskin's explanations help one to follow the process. "The crucial theoretical principle is that the clay sculpture must be able to be pulled out of the sand without disturbing the sand mold. A ball is a classic example." The two equal parts of the flask contain equal halves of the ball; the clay head in this case represents the ball. Now let us return to the half-exposed clay head.

Next, the second half of the flask is also packed with sand and placed on top of its counterpart. The sand is gently tapped so that it fills in to touch the exposed clay face below. Now sand from the upper half of the flask tightly surrounds this face in the lower flask. The two halves of the flask are locked together and again flipped over. The head is now face down. The upper section of the flask is unlocked and removed—revealing the back of the head (half the imaginary ball). The flask removed contains the sand negative of this part of the form.

We see now that the face is hidden in the sand, that is, half the sculpture is hidden in the lower flask (again, half the classic ball). The difficult task, already alluded to, is to remove the head without disturbing the sand. When it is accomplished, the second half of the mold is revealed. A complete negative of the clay has been made in two equal sections. And now begins the final stage in casting—the pouring of the bronze.

Before the two sections of the flask containing these molds are locked together, a "core" is suspended in the negative areas of the sand to prevent the bronze from becoming a solid piece. Made of linseed oil and sand, this pre-baked core is propped on light brass pins. Now the sculpture will be hollow. Mr. Baskin explains: "In sand casting it cannot be a fine or exact core but merely a simple shape which displaces bronze. The core holds long enough to allow the bronze to set and then disintegrates."

To return to the locked flask with its now suspended core: a hole is tunneled into the flask until it touches the impression. The hole is the "gate" into which the hot bronze is poured. In a half-hour the bronze cools and may be removed. Although the casting process is complete, the sculpture itself is not, for the seam in the flask shows on the newly cast bronze. There may be other rough spots as well. The entire bronze may be partly or wholly remodeled—depending on the sculptor's evaluation.

In this final stage Mr. Baskin may employ any of the following tools: hack saw, cold chisels, files, an electric grinding machine with abrasives, or a planishing hammer which can beat out ridges as it creates texture. Various acids and oils may be employed at the very end. This last refinishing stage may be the point where a number of sculptors will lose interest in this process; many sculptors do not like to rework bronze. When asked about the difficulty of refinishing bronze, Mr. Baskin informed us that bronze is a relatively soft metal. In fact, he informed us, "Zadkine completely carved a bronze block."

The reworking of the bronze in this final phase brings the surface of the sculpture to life—through this direct recarving of details. For Leonard Baskin it has become a process in which the original idea can be re-enforced—or even transformed. His style, as we have seen, permits the use of the industrial sand-casting process; and his willingness to accept a yet unfinished product permits him to employ his favorite technique. Perfection is achieved by carving, as the artist stays with his creation to the very last instant of the process.

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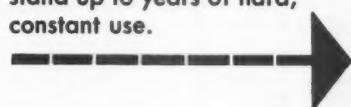
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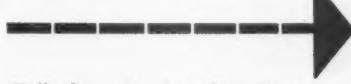


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IN THE GALLERIES

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obscure any total suggestiveness of form. The titles provide keys; without them, subject, mood or analogy is quite opaque. (Poindexter, Jan. 7-26.) . . . **Erik Johns:** A group of abstract compositions, jeweled swatches built in centripetal rhythms, which suggest reassembling images in a kaleidoscope, the largest—and most successfully ordered—the No. 2, orange tatters wafted across the diagonal integrations, warmed by an underflow of blue. *Figure*, semi-abstract, derives from similar touch, with softer color, but the essential characterization is ably generalized by linear slashes. (Parma, Jan. 14-Feb. 2.) . . . **Avel de Knight:** A fastidious atelier talent who has under cool control the techniques of rhythmic modeling, active space, figure balance and harmonic coloration. *The Island*, a bright beach vista with man and horse and a sheer tideline, is a fine example in gouache of his spatial delicacy; *Couple* is a boldly rendered *salon* posture in gouache and pastel, the girl's profile, especially, a felicity of drawing. (Sagittarius, Jan. 2-19.) . . . **Parma Group:** Free-form painting construed to mean free of form, Zur Mairovitch the closest to expressing a discernible intention. Two sculptures are exemplary: Robert Moir's fecund and peaceful reclining nude, of unpolished Italian marble, a wedding of delicate features with bold rondures; *Laocoön*, by Robert Rosenwald, carved from a single oak log, discriminately grooved and scalloped and tongued into a mysterious tough intricacy of animal (?) forms. (Parma, Dec. 21-Jan. 11.) . . . **Christopher Oliana:** Oliana's watercolors, mainly landscapes, are painted in harsh line and pure color, with a commanding approach to space and mass. Rain in the forest, a coastal indentation, a forest interior warmed by light: these are the best—and a seated nude, her solidity graced by a permeation of auburn. (Bodley, Jan. 28-Feb. 9.) . . . **Twenty-one Americans:** Many of these canvases—it's particularly true of those by Diebenkorn, De Niro, Bell and Kerkam—display an inadequate mastery of their ostensible intentions; the action-wrought brush-and-squeeze work has seldom been able to create a plastic statement without the imposition of line boundaries. Scharf's globes floating in low-keyed space constitute a luminous exception; and a multi-leaf sculpture by Cousins, of an armored "creature," injects a note of respectably inventive humor. (Poindexter, Dec. 11-29.)—V.Y.

Audrey MacLean: A lanky, jaunty Don Quixote, a fiercely mournful Ahab, a crafty card player, and the calling of St. Andrew are among the subjects depicted in these stiffly plotted gouaches. Symbolism is overplayed and subtlety badly wanting, but the artist's exuberance and mock-heroic pose redeem the lot. (Wellons, Feb. 11-23.) . . . **Katherine Nash:** A sculptor from Omaha exhibits four pieces, each marked by an individual character and distinguished by the artist's ability to adapt her medium (steel) to varying expressive purposes. Thus the bristling *Aggression* with its horizontal thrust, the melifluous self-contained *Waiting*, the rhythmically abstract *Ballad Singer*, and *The Lonely Ones* with its small figures of great variety and beauty, are all fine and fully realized works. (Seligmann, Jan. 7-29.) . . . **Claude Bentley:** With every trick at his command and a burst of spectacular flourishes of the brush, the artist produces abstractions of verve and brilliance which despite the warmth of color and bravura of the execution remain no more than pleasing surface design. (Duveen-Graham, Feb. 12-March 2.) . . . **Margaret Halstead:** An ex-opera singer turned painter is absorbed by the mystical and the fantastic, and there is a visionary quality to her paintings of cloud-dwelling horses, rams perched on frothy crests and boisterous romps of prehistoric animals. (Wellons, Feb. 11-23.)—M.S.

Contemporary American Sculpture: This collection of sleek and graceful figures and animals includes Humbert Albrizio's idealized human forms with undulating contours, Robert Laurent's dramatic and authoritative sculpture of a girl, Tom Hardy's weightless *Bison*, Henry Mitchell's ponderous *Baby Hippo* and Jane Wasey's elegant, supple *Mink* in marble. An

abrupt contrast is provided by George Rickey's experimental construction in steel and polychrome, called *Waves*. (Kraushaar, Jan. 7-26.)

. . . **Trompe-l'Oeil:** Not all of these paintings are *trompe-l'oeil* in the sense that they pretend to deceive the eye as to the substantiality of the object; some are better classified plainly as still life, although painted in the sumptuous Dutch manner. Jean Wilson offers two examples of expert and exacting *trompe-l'oeil* painting, *Fourth of July, 1900*, a potpourri of mementos of the era, and *Trompe d'Amour*, featuring a replica of an elaborate old-fashioned valentine. (Little Studio, Jan. 9-23.) . . . **Agran, King, Graetz:** Agran creates fantastic cities out of myriad small cubes and cones, an intricate geometric world which is totally uninhabitable; Marylynn King offers oils of handsomely arranged jugs, fruits and flowers, but the treatment is monotonous in its insistent lack of variation; the flower pieces by Lillian Graetz are bright and attractive, as are her landscapes, although in the latter the forms tend to be dully repetitive. (Kottler, Feb. 18-March 2.) . . . **Sullivan Group:** Ernest Mondorf's paintings of Venice have a subdued, mysteriously suggestive quality which speaks of long communication with the subject before the final simplified distillation is made on canvas. Harry Cochrane paints dense foliage and cool glades with thoughtful attention to paint surfaces, while Elliot Epstein's world is depicted in stirring upheaval. Robert Anderson is as neat and precise as can be in his delicate caseins and gouaches of primarily architectural subjects. (Sullivan, Jan. 21-Feb. 4.)—M.S.

Edward Barber: Mr. Barber has a versatile hand with crayola and poster paint, a facility for drawing eccentric figures or constructing them from variable textures, and a commendable respect for the character of cats: among the latter in the show (which was but half available for preview) there is a sadly crouched cat, mauvish white, looking dubiously over his shoulder, an alerted red one with enormous ears and white scraped areas, a formally disposed black one with a blue mouth (and very smug about it), another red one, face-front, green-eyed, sanguinary yet furtive behind a barrier of black lines on a turquoise field. (Crespi, Feb. 11-23.) . . . **Ruth Reicher:** Not one of these "primitive" landscapes with their doll-house pinks, blues and greens, has seen the outdoors; any would be dispensably cute in a boudoir. *Snow*, alone, is painted with an attractively formal mannerism, of the kind usually associated with Oriental prints. (Crespi, Feb. 25-March 9.) . . . **Natalie Sterinbach:** Among seven paintings viewed of fourteen to be exhibited, Miss Sterinbach's richly allusive gift shows its personal value in the small abstractions, *Indian Summer*, *Procession* and *Gulls* (best in over-all execution)—disciplined perhaps by her studies with Morris Kantor—rather than in the large, vaguely imagined "liberations" of *Light and Shadow* or *Inferno*. (Panoras, Feb. 4-16.) . . . **American Expression:** Sylvia Bernstein's shimmering line and her authoritative disposal of figures in fragile space (three heads—*Reflections*—and a still life—*Claret*) give her watercolors the air of a swan among geese in this group which, collectively, shows no rivaling benefit of a disciplined foundation. Schneider displays some sense of brush-created rhythm, Millie Rutenberg has derived clarity from Rockwell Kent or the like, and Gluckman knows something about compacting textures. Bertha Decker's sculpture, a seated nude—despite the oddly unintegrated hands and feet—achieves a fine swelling amplitude, given a fervent touch by the flowing obliquity of the neck line. (Pietrantonio, Jan. 2-15.) . . . **Allan Thielker and Reggie Levine:** Thielker favors raw color in unrefreshed vertical alignments which have but a gracelessly decorative suggestion. Levine tries, not without effectiveness, the physiognomic distortions of the Picasso heritage and exploitations of silvery hues wedged with low-saturation colors. He has a distinct talent for the sulphuric mode which now requires a more original context in which to establish its identity. (Pietrantonio, Feb. 1-14.) . . . **Lois Dodd:** Thin commitments, thinly brushed. In each potentially lyric scene—a swimmer, a drift

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of cows, pigs or ducks—some area, ostensibly subtilized, is tentative merely, or quite dead—as if the painter had lost interest and would prefer to join the more anemic of our expressionists and just let paint happen. (Tanager, Feb. 8-28.) . . . **Lisa Polhemus:** Conventional flower studies painted accurately and purely in a style that tidily surrenders them to the usage of minor decoration. (Argent, Jan. 28-Feb. 16.)—V.Y.

Gifford Beal: "Like Hassam and Renoir, he concentrated on the outward loveliness of existence . . . The significance of his painting is its affirmation of the juice in the grape." One cannot hope to state more adequately than Barry Faulkner's introduction to this Memorial Exhibition, the importance of Gifford Beal, whose retrospective show includes 97 pictures (watercolor, oils, drawing and pastel) executed between 1910 and 1955. (American Academy, Dec. 14-Feb. 15.) . . . **Sister Mary Corita:** Sister Mary Corita is justly renowned for her superlative handling of the silk-screen and woodcut media. The present show exhibits a profusion of her work, old and recent: a celebration, in harmonic color and visible form, of faith and joy, the figures of Biblical history, the company of saints and of presences beyond the veil. (The Contemporaries, Dec. 10-Dec. 31.) . . . **Ruth Robertson:** One of the paintings of Mrs. Robertson, of Hong Kong, is entitled *Unexplored*, and in her gloss to the show she has suggested that the scene might be on another planet. Other titles include *In the Beginning*, *Arc-en-ciel*, *Lot's Wife* and *Midnight Stroll*. These are trying times. If the artist can remove us to scenes of fantasy where the illimitable may again be sanctioned, his ancient honor will be restored. (Baransky, Jan. 22-Feb. 2.)—V.Y.

John Courtney: Groves of palms bordering West Indian beaches and precipitous ravines capped by Colorado peaks are depicted in fluent and crisp watercolors by an artist with a flair for drama and a keen eye for the essential. (Wellons, Jan. 14-26.) . . . **George Habergritz:**

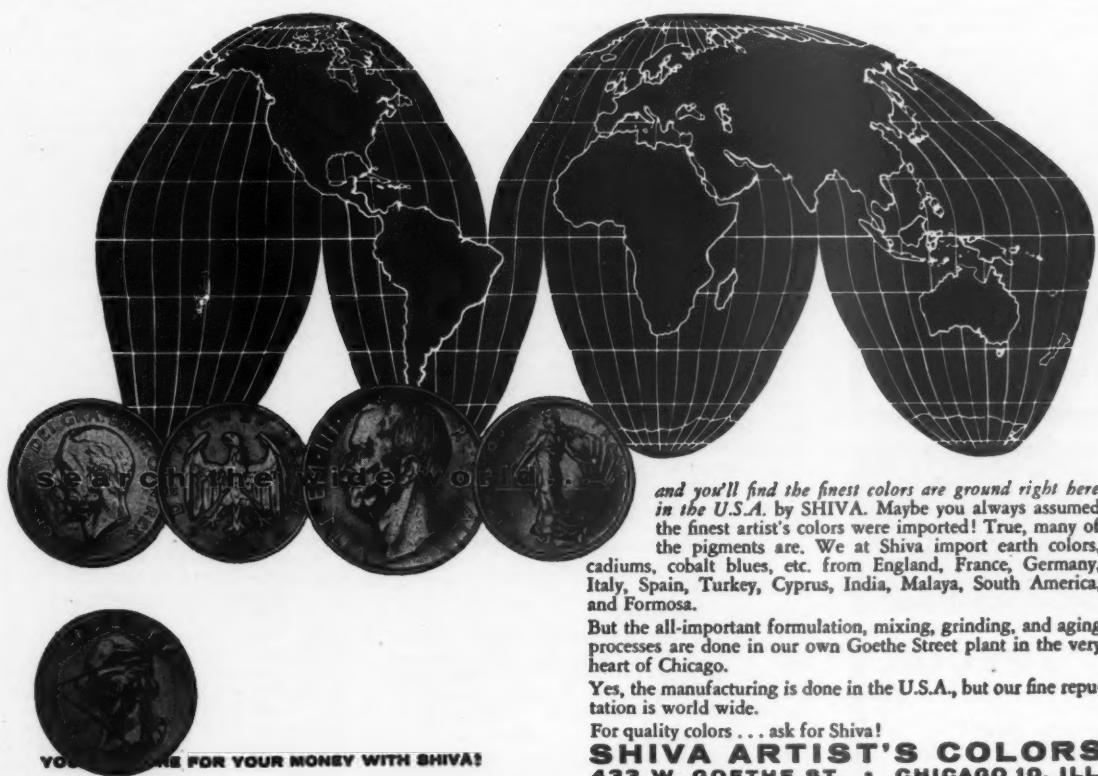
Travels to African jungles and Mexican ruins have furnished the artist with ceremonial themes for his heavily laden canvases which throb with fiery color amid murky shadows. However, it is in the cold North that he has produced his best work, a view of a church in Amsterdam in diffuse glowing tones indicative of the beneficial proximity of the Rijksmuseum. (Wellons, Jan. 21-Feb. 2.) . . . **Kanarek:** By a mysterious alchemical process which the artist guards as a close secret these encaustic paintings are given the highly polished surface sheen of enamel which endows them with the aura of the precious *objet* as well as the assurance of impermeability. The still lifes of fruit and flowers with their rich tones and exquisitely rendered fragile petals and glossy pears are better suited to the special qualities of the medium than the more poignantly expressive paintings of boys with birds. (Collector's, Jan. 14-26.)—M.S.

Arthur Secunda: An expressionist technique offers poetic glimpses of cityscapes, as thin wheels of color are stretched against a black or red sky. The cities, themselves, fetch exotic images of far-off places—a view of Venice, baroque, murky; a hot desert night in Arizona, the scene still burning with the day's sun. In the landscapes, the sympathy is Mexican, and the massive, plastic forms are enhanced by a radiant luminosity. (Panoras, Jan. 21-Feb. 2.)—G.L.

Robert Davison: Macabre, skeletal figures set in landscapes or architectural views predominate in this show of drawings and paintings. Among the better pieces is *The Death of Eleanor* with its massed, shadowy figures, its spare detail. (Petite, Feb. 11-23.) . . . **Louis Priscilla:** A memorial exhibition of the illustrator and former instructor at the League covered the range of his talents in various media. His soft, gauzy *Blue Landscape* and several of the straightforward studies of the nude were particularly impressive. (Art Students League, Jan. 7-26.) . . . **Elwyn Chamberlain:** The dense, claustrophobic atmosphere of hot summer nights pervades a num-

ber of these paintings in which sturdy figures, as in *Dangerous Games*, play out a variety of observations. In *Room in August*, the story is told by subsidiary details—dangling articles of clothing, cigarette stubs, a few magazines. (Hewitt, Feb. 4-23.) . . . **Elizabeth Kaye:** There is a nice talent for organization in many of these watercolor views of Italy and Norway. *On the Fjord* and *Taormina in the Snow*, with their deft strokes of color, their competently maintained variety between moments of detail and moments of free space, are outstanding. (Baransky, Feb. 4-16.) . . . **Van Noble:** Views of Key West and paintings of submarines and mine sweepers, in this first New York showing by a woman artist. (Burr, Feb. 24-Mar. 9.) . . . **Serge Francis King:** Café life, somewhat romantically depicted, but always carefully painted, is the subject matter for most of these oils. The style lies close to Toulouse-Lautrec, but the influence of Somerset Maugham, which the artist acknowledges, may account for the healthier atmosphere. (Marino, Feb. 2-23.) . . . **Brisson:** A young Parisian painter shows here for the first time. Working in a cubist style, he manages best when he keeps the whole composition in mind, as in his still life with two bowls, rather than in those works where space is cut up gratuitously into small colorful areas. (Gallery 75, Feb. 1-28.) . . . **Williams John:** A number of small oils on silk develop a familiar vocabulary of surrealist forms and esoteric titles. The work is painstakingly done, the style all the more pleasant by reason of its smallness. (Morris, Feb. 5-23.) . . . **Widdifield:** In this group showing of drawings, prints and watercolors, Fred Farr's large, rapidly defined *Horse*, a drawing, and Ethel Edwards' soft gray *Moors*, a gouache, were among the outstanding pieces. (Widdifield, Dec. 11-31.) . . . **Boissevain:** Gen Paul's *Enfant à la poupée*, with its gray-blue modulations reminiscent of Cézanne's treatment of the subject, and Jean Dufy's small, richly colored *Still Life*, provided the high spots in this varied showing of contemporary French painters. (Boissevain, Dec. 11-Jan. 7.)—J.R.M.

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WHERE TO SHOW

NATIONAL

COLUMBIA, SOUTH CAROLINA

1ST COLUMBIA PAINTING BIENNIAL, Columbia Museum of Art, Mar. 31-Apr. 29. Open to all living American artists. Media: oil and watercolor. Jury: \$4,000 in purchase prizes. Fee: \$5. Entry cards due by Feb. 20, work due Feb. 20-Mar. 10. Write: Biennial Secretary, Columbia Museum of Art; Columbia, S. C.

MUNCIE, INDIANA

3RD ANNUAL SMALL SCULPTURE AND DRAWING COMPETITION, Ball State Teachers College Art Gallery, Mar. 1-Apr. 1. Jury. Prizes. Work due by Feb. 10. Write: William Story, Art Gallery, Ball State Teachers College, Muncie, Ind.

NEW YORK, NEW YORK

ANNUAL MYSTICAL SHOW, Burr Gallery, Mar. 24-Apr. 6. Open to all artists. Media: watercolor, oil, casein, graphics, sculpture. Jury. Awards. Fee: \$15. Work due Mar. 1. Write: Burr Gallery, 108 W. 56th St., New York 22, N. Y.

NEW YORK, NEW YORK

ARTISTS ANONYMOUS 2ND QUARTERLY, Adam-Ahah Gallery, Mar. 7-29. All painting media (no large paintings). Jury. Awards: 3-man and group shows. Fee: \$1, \$2 & \$3 according to size of work. Work due by Feb. 28. Write: Adam-Ahah Gallery, 72 Thompson St., New York 12, N. Y.

NEW YORK, NEW YORK

KNICKERBOCKER ARTISTS 10TH ANNUAL EXHIBITION, Riverside Museum, Mar. 3-24, 1957. Open to all artists. Media: oil, watercolor, casein, graphics, sculpture. Jury. Prizes. Fee: \$5. Work due Feb. 25. Write: Elsie Ject-Key, 49 E. 9th St., New York 3, N. Y.

NEW YORK, NEW YORK

TUPPERWARE ART FUND 4TH ANNUAL FELLOWSHIP COMPETITION, juries meeting in New York, Cleveland and San Francisco. Open to all artists in U.S. Awards: 3 fellowships, \$1,800 each; 3 purchase awards, \$600 each. Entry cards due by Mar. 20. Write: Tupperware Art Fund, Orlando, Fla.

NEW YORK, NEW YORK

132ND ANNUAL EXHIBITION OF THE NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN, Academy Galleries, Feb. 21-Mar. 17. Open to members and non-members. Media: oil and sculpture. Prizes total \$9,000. Work due Feb. 7. Write: National Academy of Design, 1083 Fifth Ave., New York 28, N. Y.

PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA

AMERICAN COLOR PRINT SOCIETY 18TH ANNUAL EXHIBITION, Print Club, Mar. 8-30. Color prints in any medium. Jury. Prizes. \$2.50 entry fee for non-members. Entry cards due by Feb. 11, work due Feb. 13. Write: Katherine H. McCormick, 300 W. Upsal St., Philadelphia 19, Pa.

SARASOTA, FLORIDA

7TH ANNUAL SARASOTA ART ASSOCIATION EXHIBITION, Mar. 3-30. For members and limited \$5 membership fee. Jury. \$1,500 in purchase prizes. Work due by Feb. 20. Write: Robert Larsen, P. O. Box 1907, Sarasota, Fla.

SEATTLE, WASHINGTON

NORTHWEST PRINTMAKERS 29TH INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION, Seattle Art Museum, Mar. 6-Apr. 7. All fine-prints media. Fee: \$2. Jury. Purchase prizes. Entry cards and work due by Feb. 11. Write: Northwest Printmakers, Seattle Art Museum, Volunteer Park, Seattle 2, Wash.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

WASHINGTON WATERCOLOR CLUB 60TH ANNUAL NATIONAL EXHIBITION, U. S. National Museum, May 5-June 2. Media: watercolor, prints, drawing, pastel. Prizes. Fee: \$2. Entry cards due Apr. 25, work due Apr. 30. Write: Miss Katherine Summy, 1673 Columbia Road, N.W., Washington 9, D. C.

REGIONAL

NORWICH, CONNECTICUT

14TH ANNUAL NORWICH ART ASSOCIATION EXHIBITION, Converse Art Gallery, Mar. 10-24. Open to Connecticut artists. All media. Jury. Prizes. Fee: \$3. Work due Mar. 2 & 3. Write: Joseph P. Gualtieri, Norwich Art School, Norwich, Conn.

BALTIMORE, MARYLAND

1957 MARYLAND REGIONAL EXHIBITION FOR ARTISTS

AND CRAFTSMEN, Baltimore Museum of Art, Mar. 24-Apr. 21. Open to artists born in or now residing in Md. and resident artists of Del. and Washington, D. C. Media: oil, watercolor, gouache, collage, mixed media, sculpture, ceramics, metal-work textiles, woodwork, miscellaneous crafts, including leatherwork, enamels, glass. Fee: 50¢ per entry; 3 entries per artist permitted, with no more than 2 works in any one category. Jury. Prizes. Entry cards due Feb. 15; work due, delivered by hand, Feb. 25-28. Write: Baltimore Museum of Art, Wyman Park, Baltimore 18, Md.

MEMPHIS, TENNESSEE

2ND ANNUAL MID-SOUTH EXHIBITION OF PAINTINGS, Brooks Memorial Art Gallery, Mar. 7-30. Open to artists born or now residing in Tenn., Miss., Ark. and the parts of other States within 250-mile radius of Memphis. All painting media. Jury. Prizes. Fee: \$2. Work due by Feb. 11. Write: Mrs. Carroll C. Turner, Brooks Memorial Art Gallery, Memphis 12, Tenn.

SPOKANE, WASHINGTON

11TH ANNUAL PACIFIC NORTHWEST ART EXHIBITION, Spokane Coliseum, Mar. 26-Apr. 24. Open to present and former residents of Mont., Ore., Idaho, Wyo. and Wash. Media: oil, encaustic, tempera, transparent watercolor, gouache, casein. Jury. Prizes. Entry cards and work due by Mar. 21. Write: Mrs. H. F. Wilkering, N 4415 Atlantic Drive, Spokane 18, Wash.

BOOKS *continued from page 45*

grated, but not in the sense of a synthesis. As books like Hitchcock's *Painting toward Architecture* or Giedion's *Space, Time and Architecture* have more than demonstrated, architecture shares its esthetic with contemporary painting and sculpture. But if one is looking for a synthesis, a working together of artists in different media, one may be involved with a viewpoint as unrealistic as Ruskin's efforts to have O'Shea carve medieval capitals at the Oxford Museum. No matter how loud our protests, the probability of a felicitous, impersonal fusion of the arts is not very great in the mid-twentieth century. Reg Butler's remark is apt: "The time and innocence of Chartres and the Baroque is past." Indeed, the high moments of contemporary art are acutely the work of individuals. When we visit Vence or Ronchamp, we are experiencing the personal genius of Matisse or Le Corbusier rather than the expression of some collective religious aspiration. And one feels, too, that even such a group enterprise as the church at Assy is essentially a kind of museum where one finds religious works by Léger, Rouault, Lurçat *et al.* agreeably juxtaposed.

And there is the question, too, of whether a major creative artist can do his best work in terms of an architectural complex. Henry Moore's stone screen at the London Time/Life Building may be effective and integrated architectural decoration, but it is a very minor statement of the artist's greatness. And contrariwise, if Moore's reclining bronze figure from the same building belongs to the realm of his major sculpture, it could be as fully appreciated within the context of museum walls. Perhaps Philip Johnson is right when he says, "If you give sculptors architectural commissions, they often get self-conscious about the space they have to fill and do not always do their best work. Pick the greatest works of art you can, put them in the best place you have, and you get the type of architecture we want in this scientific age." Paradoxically, the collaboration of lesser artists is often more satisfying. The name of the mosaicist of an Italian espresso shop or the muralist of a Swedish hospital does not spring to our lips when we see his work, and we accept more easily that collaboration of the arts which often looks so contrived when major artists are involved.

In any case, Mr. Damaz's book presents us with some of the visual facts from which we can make our judgments. He concludes his photographic survey with five arresting views of the "Palais Ideal," that fantastic conglomeration of pebbles, shells and whatnot erected over decades by a French postman, Cheval. This, he claims, is a masterpiece of unconscious synthesis of the arts and indeed it is. But its presence in this context should make us all the more aware of how very self-conscious our recent collaborative efforts have been.

ROBERT ROSENBLUM

CALENDAR OF EXHIBITIONS

ALBANY, N. Y.
INST., Feb. 8-20: H. Lane, H. Gunn; Feb. 19-Mar. 3: C. Ellis

ALBUQUERQUE, N. M. UNIV. N. M.
JONSON, Feb. 3-Mar. 1: N. M. Annual

BALTIMORE, MD.
MUSEUM, thru Mar.: Old Master Prints; Feb. 23; Cone Wing opening

WALTERS, to Mar. 10: Classical Collec'n.

BIRMINGHAM, ALA.
MUSEUM, to Feb. 21: 18th, 19th C. Brit.

BOSTON, MASS.
DOLL & RICHARDS, Feb. 11-23: A. Prince; Feb. 25-Mar. 9: F. Denghausen, scpt.

CAMBRIDGE, MASS.
FOGG MUS., to Feb. 23: E. Munch

CHICAGO, ILL.
ART INST., to Mar. 3: 62nd Amer. Exhib.; Old Master Prints

CLEVELAND, OHIO
MUSEUM, to Mar. 3: Pierpont Morgan Library Exhibit.

DAVENPORT, IOWA
MUNICIPAL GALLERY, Feb. 3-24: G. Wood

DENVER, COLO.
MUSEUM, to Mar. 3: 16 Artists—4 Countries

FLORENCE, S. C.
MUSEUM, to Mar. 3: R. Courtright; Mod. Ger. Scpt.

FORT WORTH, TEXAS
ART CTR., to Mar. 3: Horse & Rider

HARTFORD, CONN.
WADSWORTH ATH., to Feb. 10: Soc. Women Ptrs.; Hallmark Awards

HOUSTON, TEXAS
MUSEUM, Feb. 2-27: 19th & 20th C. Fr.

KALAMAZOO, MICH.
INST., Feb. 3-27: Guggenheim Collection 20th C.; P. H. Jones

LONDON, ENGLAND
GIMPEL FILS, Feb.: Cont. Brit.

HANOVER, Feb. 19-Mar. 15: K. Barker, S. Andrews

LEFÈVRE, G. Colomer

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.
CTY. MUSEUM, to Feb. 17: T'and Dynasty

HATFIELD, Feb.: Mod. Fr. & Amer.

STENDAHL, Feb.: Pre-Col. & Mod.

LOUISVILLE, KY.
SPEED MUS., to Feb. 17: Toulouse-Lautrec

MEMPHIS, TENN.
BROOKS GALLERY, to Feb. 10: R. Pozzatti; Feb. 1-28: C. Durieux

MILWAUKEE, WISC.
ART INST., to Feb. 18: H. Townley, scpt.; Feb. 1-Mar. 12: G. Sinclair

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.
INST., to Feb. 24: Architecture of L. Sullivan

WALKER ART CTR., Feb. 7-Mar. 17: Zack Collection; P. Morton

MONTCLAIR, N. J.
MUSEUM, Feb. 5-15: Art in Opera

NEWARK, N. J.
MUSEUM, Feb.: New Acquis.

NEW YORK, N. Y.
Museums:
BROOKLYN (Eastern Pkwy.), to Mar. 17: Anc. Egyptian; Amer. Drawings

MODERN (11 W. 53), Feb. 6 Mar. 3: E. Munch.; to Feb. 24: Drawings Exhib.

NAT'L. ACAD. (1083 5th), Feb. 21-Mar. 17: Annual

RIVERSIDE (310 Riverside Dr.), Feb. 3-24: Nat'l. Soc. Cosein Ptrs.

WHITNEY (22 W. 54), to Feb. 24: Karolik Collection

Galleries:
A.A.A. (712 5th at 55), Feb. 11-28: J. Jones

A.C.A. (63 E. 57), to Feb. 16: A. Dobkin; Feb. 18-Mar. 9: H. Gottlieb

ADAM-AHAB (72 Thompson, Th., Fri. 1-3, 7-10), to Feb. 22: Artists Anonymous 1st Quarterly

ALAN (32 E. 65), to Feb. 9: Vincent Price Selections; Feb. 11-Mar. 2: H. Katzman

ARGENT (236 E. 60), to Feb. 16: L. Polhemus; Feb. 18-Mar. 9: H. Dixie A.S.L. (215 W. 57), to Feb. 11: A. Bressler

ARTISTS' (851 Lex. at 64), to Feb. 14: H. Boehler; Feb. 16-Mar. 7: R. Hageman

BABCOCK (805 Mad. at 68), Feb.: Amer. Ptg. 19th, 20th C.

BARONE (202 E. 51), to Feb. 9: G. Holder; Feb. 18-Mar. 9: G. Guerreroschi (from Feb. 18 new add. 1018 Mad.)

BARTFIELD (45 W. 57), Feb.: 19th C. Amer.

BARZANSKY (1071 Mad. at 81), Feb. 4-16: E. Kaye; Feb. 18-Mar. 2: V. Lebedev

BODLEY (223 E. 60), to Feb. 9: Ollian W'cols.; Feb. 11-Mar. 2: R. Golub

BORGENICHT (1018 Mad. at 79), to Feb. 16: L. Boskin, sculpt.; Feb. 18-Mar. 9: T. Werner

BURR (108 W. 56), Feb. 10-23: J. Carroll; Feb. 24-Mar. 9: V. Noble

CAMINO (92 E. 10), to Feb. 14: N. Krushenick; Feb. 16-Mar. 8: D. David

CARAVAN (132 E. 65), Feb. 3-23: 3-Man Show

CARSTAIRS (11 E. 57), Feb.: Cont. Eur. Ptg.

CASTELLI (4 E. 77), Cont. Ptg. Scpt.

CENTRAL PICTURE (624 Mad.), Old Masters

COLLECTORS (49 W. 53), Feb. 11-24: Sohn

COMERFORD (55 E. 55), to Feb. 28: Wrobel; Duccing

CONTEMPORARY ARTS (802 Lex. at 62), to Feb. 11: H. Holbrook; Feb. 14-25: Mid-Season Retrop.

COOPER (313 W. 53), to Feb. 20: I. Friedman, B. Samuel

CRESPI (232 E. 58), to Feb. 9: D. Daniels; Feb. 11-23: E. Barber; Feb. 25-Mar. 9: R. Reisher

D'ARCY (19 E. 76), Feb. 1-28: Primitive Arts

DAVIS (231 E. 60), Feb. 7-Mar. 2: A. Shikler

DE AENILLE (59 W. 53), to Feb. 23: A. Mogalhoes

DEITSCH (51 E. 73), to Feb. 9: Dwgs.; Feb. 11-Mar. 2: J. Villon

DELACORTE (822 Mad. at 69), Feb. 1-Mar. 16: Australian Bark Ptg.

DELUS (24 E. 67), to Feb. 15: P. Sadun; M. Craig

DE NAGY (24 E. 67), to Feb. 9: F. Basili; Feb. 12-Mar. 2: H. Frankenthaler

DOWNTOWN (32 E. 51), Feb. 5-Mar. 2: 19th Cent. Ptg.

DURLACHER (11 E. 57), to Feb. 23: W. Stein

DUVEEN-GRAHAM (1014 Mad. at 78), to Feb. 9: W. Quirt; Feb. 12-Mar. 2: C. Bentley

EGGLESTON (969 Mad. at 76), Feb. 4-16: 3 Man Show

EIGHTH ST. (33 W. 8), Feb. 4-16: Bronx Artists Guild; Feb. 18-Mar. 2: Gotham Painters

EMMERICH (18 E. 77), Feb. 1-28: Anc. Scpt.; Mod. Ptg.

FEIGL (601 Mad. at 57), to Feb. 13: L. Michaelson

FINE ARTS ASSOC. (41 E. 57), to Feb. 9: Picasso scpt.

FLEISCHMAN (227 E. 10), to Feb. 25: M. Zimmerman

FRENCH & CO. (210 E. 57), Feb. 5-Mar. 9: The Baroque Vision

FRIED (40 E. 68), Feb. 3-23: A. Fleischman

GALERIE CHALETTE (45 W. 57), Feb. 7-28: M. Cadoret

GALERIE ST. ETIENNE (46 W. 57), to Feb. 23: E. Schiele

GALLERY G (200 E. 59), Feb. 5-Mar. 2: J. Juthstrom

GALLERY 75 (30 E. 75), Feb. 1-28: Brisson

GRAHAM & SONS (1014 Mad. at 78), Feb. 11-28: Mod. Amer. Ptg., 1914-54

GRAND CENTRAL (Vanderbilt at 42), Feb. 12-23: E. Hofmann, oils

GRAND CENTRAL MODERNS (1018 Mad. at 79), to Feb. 13: G. Morrison; Feb. 15-Mar. 6: R. Twiggs

HAMMER (51 E. 57), Feb. 21-Mar. 3: P. Romero

HANSA (210 Cent. Pk. So.), to Feb. 9: J. Wilson; Feb. 11-Mar. 2: A. Kaprow

HELLER (63 E. 57), Feb. 5-26: Ital. Group

HEWITT (29 E. 65), Feb. 4-23: E. Chamberlain

HIRSCHL & ADLER (21 E. 67), Feb.: Fine Ptg.

JACKSON (32 E. 69), to Feb. 23: A. Gottlieb

JAMES (70 E. 12), Feb. 1-21: League of Pres. Day Artists

JANIS (15 E. 57), Feb. 4-Mar. 2: J. Faustrier

KENNEDY (785 5th Ave. at 59), to Feb. 9: Marine Exhib.; Feb. 11-Mar. 2: S. Wengenroth

KLEEMANN (11 E. 68), Feb. 4-Mar. 2: H. Uhlmann

KNOEDLER (14 E. 57), Feb. 25-Mar. 9: J. De Botton; Feb. 5-23: T. Harris

KOETZER (32 E. 57), Old Masters

KOOTZ (1018 Mad. at 79), Feb. 4-Mar. 2: Incantations

KOTTLER (3 E. 65), Feb. 4-16: R. Frank; Feb. 18-Mar. 2: Two 3-Man Shows

KRAUSHAAR (1055 Mad. at 80), to Feb. 16: J. Hartell; Feb. 18-Mar. 9: W. Hoyt

LILLIPUT (23 1/2 Elizabeth St., by App't.), Feb.: Artists Anonymous Overflow

LITTLE STUDIO (680 Mad. at 60), Feb. 7-20: Carevari; Strauser

MANCUSO (240 E. 119), Feb.: Contemp. Ptg.

MARINO (46 W. 56), Feb. 2-23: S. King

MELTZER (38 W. 57), to Feb. 18: Gallery Grp. I; Feb. 19-Mar. 18: Ch'i Pai-Shih

MI CHOU (36 W. 56), Feb. 12-28: Grp.

MIDTOWN (17 E. 57), to Feb. 16: D. Rosenthal; Feb. 19-Mar. 9: E. Etting

MILCH (55 E. 57), to Feb. 9: Contemp. Amer. Grp.; Feb. 11-Mar. 2: T. Blagden

MORRIS (174 Waverly Pl.), Feb. 5-23: W. John

MOSKIN (4 E. 88), Feb.: Matta

NEW (601 Mad. at 57), Feb. 4-16: R. Courtright

NEW ART CENTER (1193 Lex. at 81), Feb.: K. Kollwitz

NEWHOUSE (15 E. 57), Feb.: Old Masters

PANORAS (62 W. 56), Feb. 4-16: N. Sternbach; Feb. 18-Mar. 2: J. Foster, B. Politi

PARMA (1111 Lex. at 77), Feb. 4-23: F. Hines

PARSONS (15 E. 57), Feb. 18-Mar. 9: H. Sterne; to Feb. 16: C. Coggeshall

PASSEDOIT (121 E. 57), to Feb. 9: Nordfeldt; Feb. 11-23: C. Ruhtenberg

PEN & BRUSH CLUB (16 E. 10), to Feb. 5: Scpt. Annual

PERIDOT (820 Mad. at 68), to Feb. 9: J. Berger; Feb. 4-Mar. 2: Drwgs.

PERLS (1016 Mad. at 78), Feb. 4-Mar. 9: Mod. Fr. Rec. Acq.

PETITE (129 W. 56), to Feb. 9: J. Groth; Feb. 11-23: R. Davison

PIETRANTONIO (26 E. 84), Feb. 1-14: A. Thieler, R. Levine

POINDEXTER (21 W. 56), to Feb. 16: G. McNeil; Feb. 18-Mar. 9: S. Pace, w'cols.

REHN (683 5th at 54), to Feb. 16: D. Winters

ROERICH (319 W. 107), Feb. 11-Mar. 17: E. Rosen

ROKO (925 Mad. at 74), Feb. 4-27: B. Phillips, scpt.

ROSENBERG (20 E. 79), Feb. 6-Mar. 2: Benefit "Masterpieces Recalled"

SAGITTARIUS (46 E. 57), to Feb. 9: R. Navarro; Feb. 11-Mar. 2: O. Tamburi

SAIDENBERG (10 E. 77), to Feb. 28: 12 Mod. Masters

SALPETER (42 E. 57), Feb. 4-28: 10th Anniv. Grp.

S. SCHAEFER (32 E. 57), to Feb. 9: I. Getz; Feb. 11-Mar. 2: J. Little

SCHAFFER (983 Park), Ptg., Drwgs.

SCULPTURE CTR. (167 E. 69), to Feb. 16: L. Emery; Feb. 18-Mar. 9: P. Aschenbach

SEGY (708 Lex. at 57), Feb. 1-28: Magic in African Art

SELIGMANN (5 E. 57), 15th C.—Our Day

SILBERMAN (1014 Mad. at 78), Feb. 17th C. Grp.

STABLE (924 7th at 58), to Feb. 9: Cavallini; Feb. 11-Mar. 2: Ferren

SUDAMERICANA (866 Lex. at 65), to Feb. 18: Mod. Cuban Ptg.

G. SULLIVAN (62 W. 56), to Feb. 4: Group

TANNER (90 E. 10), to Feb. 7: S. Geist; Feb. 8-28: L. Dodd

TERRAIN (20 W. 16), Feb. 3-28: Black & White

THE CONTEMPORARIES (992 Mad. at 77), to Feb. 6: Graphic Outlook '57; Feb. 1-28: M. Marini

TOZZI (32 E. 57), Feb.: Med. & Ren. Art

VAN DIEMEN-LILIENTHAL (21 E. 57), Feb. 4-Mar. 8: Fr. Masters

VIVIANO (42 E. 57), to Feb. 9: P. Lanyon; Feb. 11-Mar. 9: L. Cremonini

WALKER (117 E. 57), to Feb. 16: W. W. Cummings

V. WEAR (436 Mad. at 46), Feb.: Grp.

WELLONS (17 E. 64), Feb. 4-16: A. MacLean; Feb. 11-23: M. Halstead

WEYHE (794 Lex. at 61), Feb. 2-Mar. 2: E. J. Stevens

WHITE (42 E. 57), Feb. 5-Mar. 2: J. Gelb

WIDDIFIELD (818 Mad. at 68), to Feb. 23: J. Crawford

WILDENSTEIN (19 E. 64), to Feb. 9: A. Schulze; to Mar. 2: Utrillo retrospective.

WILLARD (23 W. 56), to Feb. 23: N. Lewis

WITTENBORN (1018 Mad. at 79), Feb. 4-16: R. Sintenis; Feb. 18-Mar. 2: Japanese Calligraphy

WORLD HOUSE (987 Mad. at 76), to Feb. 23: Manet to Pollock

ZABRISKIE (835 Mad. at 69), to Feb. 13: Object Art '57; Feb. 16-Mar. 2: L. Garel, w'cols.

PARIIS, FRANCE

DAVID ET GARNIER, Feb. 1-28: B. Buffet

MAX KAGANOVITCH, to Feb. 28: Ptg.

PIERRE, Feb.: Mod. Fr.

RENE DROUET, Feb.: Cont. Mstrs.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

ACAD., to Feb. 24: Amer. W'cols. Drwgs. Prints Annual

ART ALLIANCE, to Feb. 24: J. Massey

PITTSBURGH, PA.

CARNEGIE INST., to Feb. 24: G. Holt

ST. LOUIS, MO.

MUSEUM, to Feb. 25: Masters of Brit. Ptg., 1800-1950

SEATTLE, WASH.

SELIGMAN, Feb. 2-25: G. Anderson, L. Applebaum

SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

SMITH MUSEUM, Feb. 10-Mar. 3: J. Kantor

WASHINGTON, D. C.

CORCORAN, to Mar. 10: 25th Biennial Exhib. Cont. Amer. Ptg.; Feb. 2-Mar. 3: Cont. Brit.; Feb. 7-Mar. 3: H. Warneke

NAT'L. GALLERY, to Feb. 24: G. Bellows

WICHITA, KANSAS

MUSEUM, Feb. 7-28: Eur. Glass Design

WORCESTER, MASS.

MUSEUM, to Mar. 3: Venice



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